

# MÄN

1/-

Junior

OCTOBER, 1948

Registered as a U.S.A. Copyright,  
Globe-Magazine Co., Inc., a periodical.



"MÄN" is a publication which goes with such purchases.

The present

Australian Tennis \*

Golf \* and Bowls \*

Champions

used Dunlop

Sporting Equipment

in achieving their



WAXED  
RACKETS

success



12 GOLF BALLS



DUNLOP  
BOWLS



# MAN junior

OCTOBER, 1948.

VOLUME XVII, No. 3.

## Fiction

Blonde Trap . . . . .	8
The Big Blow . . . . .	20
Hunger Street Is Free . . . . .	44
Death for a Fever . . . . .	60
Man on the Rimrock . . . . .	88

## Fact

Bad Man of the Great Barrier . . . . .	12
The Man with Second Sight . . . . .	28
The Body in the Box . . . . .	44
The Skin-Basted Pies . . . . .	48

## Features

Colour Studies in Glamour . . . . .	16-17, 22-23
Historic Mysteries . . . . .	25
Photographic Section . . . . .	26-28
Surprise Selections . . . . .	43
Adventure in Pictures—Devil Dunes . . . . .	73
Funatic . . . . .	104
Cartoons 7, 9, 10-11, 16, 18, 22, 23, 24, 25, 47, 48-49, 51, 57, 58-59, 68, 69, 70, 71.	

Published by E. G. Mayer Publishing Company Inc., 1616  
Young Street, Los Angeles, California. Entered as Second  
Class Mail at Los Angeles Post Office. Postmaster: See G. Murray • Editor:  
W. G. Tracy • General Manager: Paul V. Morris • Associate Editor:  
Albert J. Moore • Art Supervisor: Fred Mandes • Advertising  
Sales Manager • Business Manager: Walter W. Charles • Production  
John C. Mangan • Photo Department: George S. Spangler  
Advertisement Sales Representative: Ruth C. Marshall, Leonard Mann  
and Elizabeth B. McElroy • 200 Franklin St., Atlantic  
City, New Jersey. 1909 West 1st St., Los Angeles, California.

Stories or articles or writings other than those listed are fiction.

# Champions of Australia!



## Barbershop

The KEEFER Pencil is precision made, perfectly balanced and constructed from fine lead, wood and metal. The quality of the materials used in the pencil should be obvious by the date or letter when it was purchased. It is reinforced to supply a new pencil in replace of a broken and soiled one.

Available in Economy, Brown  
Grey and Black, at all Newsagents  
and Stationers, Drapers, Japan and  
Gift Shops.

10s World Distributors J. S. ROBERTSON (Aust) Pty Limited  
131 Queen Street MELBOURNE VICTORIA. Phone  
Hill 9630 and 1515 Flinders Street SYDNEY N.S.W.  
Phone PA 2112. Representatives in all States of Australia  
and New Zealand.

# 20/-

In the hard-fought realms  
of Tennis Australia has  
won three Commonwealth  
titles in association with  
New Zealand. Now another Australian  
Champion has scored a  
smash hit and enough  
to popular songs than—



# Blonde Trap



ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR PICARD

By RAYMOND SLATTERY

The lady was lovely—and oh! so  
naughty. Remembering her was easy,

I REMEMBERED the blonde from  
the previous night. She was  
wearing that vivid green suit again,  
with the splash of brown at the  
throat.

"Kahootie Mammotie, the Cross,"  
she said, slumbering the rear door.

I pulled the bar and rolled Zip  
House's motifs-trap.

"Would this be the same cab I rode  
in last night?" the blonde said.

I said, "Would you ever forget a

ride in this old splinterbar?"

"Well—no," she said. "I was  
rather hopped to strike the same cab.  
Did you find my belief-cue?"

"Belief-cue?" I said politely. "No,  
did you lose one?"

"Yes," she said.

"But you didn't leave my case in  
that cab, lady."

I swung the criss and hauled up  
William Street. She said, "Look,  
ma'am, you'd be moving yourself

some bother if you just handed that brief-case over."

I didn't say anything. What was the use? I pulled up outside the Keltmatics.

"Well, boss," my passenger said coldly. "I may want you again."

I watched her go up the steps and through the lighted doorway. In maybe five minutes she came out again. There was a man with her, a well-trained character who could have passed for leading man in a Coward play. They got in as the back seat, and I said, "Where to?"

"Just park outside," the handsome one said pleasantly. "I just want to talk."

"I know what you're going to say," I told him. "The lady lost her brief-case. Do I drive you anywhere?"

"All right," Seeler said. "I'll direct you as we go."

I parked the old bus through the crowd. We made a couple of turns, moving away from the lighted Cross. The character behind me said, "Turn left at the next street."

I was half-way along the side-street before I realized that it was a dead-end. There weren't many lights, and no people.

"Pull up," Seeler said.

I stopped on the broken. They grabbed in the off-side doors as usual, and my passengers were fixed in one side. I tried to jump out, but the faulty catch of my door was stuck. Then something exploded in my ear, and I jerked a surprised, sideways look at the blonde. The pistol in her hand was still smoking.

The man sat up and said, "You shouldn't have shot him, baby. Not here." My upper arm was numb, but red blisters were swelling warmly over my hand. Almost suddenly, Seeler swung his fist, and the world ended in a blaze of Little lights . . .

It was dark, and my right arm was trembling. I looked down and saw that my pockets had been ransacked.

The only thing missing was my taxi license. I went looking for a police station. I found one, and who should be there chatting with the sergeant but my old pal Macintosh McElroy? "What's this?" the sergeant said. "Another robbery? How much did they take off you?"

"One taxi driver's license. They shot me to get it, believe it or not."

I told him all about the bother of the missing brief-case, and the detective began to show keen interest. "The girl," he hooks in eagerly. "Deserve her again."

"Blonde," I said. "Light green salt, brown hat and shoes. Kind of thin. No legs."

"Greta Norboe, confidential secretary to Mark Lawlor," McElroy said. "We've been looking for her all day. She was carrying place of some new oil country that Lawlor's experts had surveyed. She was due at Lawlor's office last night, but never turned up."

McElroy was thinking hard. He said, "Your private address is on your driver's license. Let's go."

It shows you what police training will do—I would never have thought of that. We piled into a police car, and I guided the driver in my room at Dartington. The room was a mess; my stuff strewn everywhere.

"They made a pretty thorough search," McElroy said. Then he narrowed his eyes and said the words from right up—"Did they find it?"

"What? You fool?" I roared. "I tell you I never saw that brief-case. I'm sure she had no brief-case on that first trip."

McElroy screwed up his eyes in thought. He said, "It's curious' Lawlor wants in his office for his secretary to write with the plane she'd brought from Brisbane. She doesn't turn up, but you say that you took her to the Keltmatics. Twenty-four hours later she boards your cab



"No, but suppose she represents the victory of the United Nations over the forces of evil and oppression...Then we could get away with it!"

again and claims she's just the person which would be in the brief-case. It doesn't make sense. Would a girl who was planning to double-cross her boss be careless enough to leave the very object of the deal?"

I was waiting on a oily rock last night, when Mulligan opened the door and led me to the next besides me. He said, "I want your whole story again, James. Tell me exactly what happened."

I didn't like the way he called me James instead of Jimmy. There was something wrong. I sighed, and told it all over again. When I finished, he said, "What happened, James? Was the brief-case too hot to hold?"

"What in blazes are you talking about?" I said.

"Mark Lenlow's been staying at a city hotel, waiting for his secretary to show up. Today, he went home to his house at Palm Beach. There was a letter waiting for him there. Inside it was a receipt for a briefcase which had been lodged at Central Station. Lenlow returned to town, redemanding the brief-case, and found the oil plants intact."

I stood at home, astonished. Then I said, "Well, that's that."

"Except for a couple of minor details," the detective said. "Firstly, the plans could have been copied. Secondly, Connie Norther is still missing. She disappeared forty-eight hours ago, and you're the only one who's seen her since. Or so you say."

"What are you suggesting?" I said.  
"Be-long, Jimmy," Mulligan said blankly.

He slid from the cab and vanished into the crowd.

A large man wearing billy clothes and heavy eyebrows banded the cab and said, "Kalmekis Moustache, Kewy's Choice."

At the Moustache he said, "Come inside a minute. I've some luggage to pick up and I'll make it worth your

while to give me a hand with it."

We climbed the steps and went into the lobby. I expected we'd go up in the lift, but we walked right through to the rear of the building and out of it.

"Hey, what is that?" I said on the back steps. "Where're we going?"

"It's all right," the character said. "I only use the Kalmekis entrance for convenience. That way . . ."

I was stamping in a room under a bright light. There were a man and a woman were watching me. One man I didn't know, the other was Smiler and Buggy Clothes. The girl was the blonde who'd shot me, and she was still wearing the green suit.

"Do you know where we left off?" Smiler said pleasantly. "I want to know what you've done with my lady friend's brief-case."

"You're all crazy!" I cried nervously. "The damned oil plans are in the hands of the rightful owner. I never—"

"Who said anything about oil plans?" the third man snarled. "You never saw the brief-case, yet you know what was in it."

He hit me on the mouth. Then that bigger-happy blonde took her pistol somewhere under her skirt and very deliberately hit me on the right upper arm.

That did it! I unseamed, and savagely kicked the girl's legs from under her. She squealed and collapsed, dropping the gun andлагging her skin in agony. I freed for the weapon, just beating Smiler to it. He landed on top of me, but when I dug the barrel hard in his side he couldn't scramble away quick enough.

I rolled and got to my feet. I covered them all with the pistol. I backed to one of the two doors, wanting only to get out of the place. Trust me to pick the wrong door!

I realized that I'd only backed into another room. I felt for the light



Still to come in three stories: Ah, Shirley and Alicebank!



switch and clicked it. There was a grunting, gurgling sound, and I swung round with the gun at the ready. Then I stared, and in that moment of surprise a lot of the pieces of fun and puzzle fell into place.

I took out my pocket-knife and dashed the par from her mouth. She was roped tightly to the bed. She was nothing but flabby under and stockings. I cut her free, but it was a moment before she could move.

Then the door burst open. The first thing I knew was that Snaker had got a gun from somewhere. The bullet fanned by my neck, and I turned and fled before he could shoot again. He dropped his gun and sank groaning to the floor, clutching his shoulder.

The yellow-haired gal had got up from the bed now, and I said, "Pack up that gun, Currie, and open that cupboard door."

back to Sydney almost immediately. Normally, Lonlow would have had his car park her up at Central, but he was without a chauffeur at the moment. She intended taking a taxi to his office, but a city messenger passed her at the station with instructions to go straight to the Klemantos Mansions as the original arrangements had been altered.

Currie knew that other parts were interested in finding oil deposits, and decided that it might be a trick to steal the plans. As Lonlow was working on the report and could deal with the plan later, she judged the best course action the report, at Central and posted the teleo to Lonlow's private address. That way, she thought, if her boss was at the Klemantos no harm would be done. She tried to check by phone, failed to note the office number, so took my cab to the Mermone as instructed.

There the song had whistled her

out the back out and onto the building where we now were. Fearing they would kill her for out-smelling them, she had taken then that she'd left the brief-case in the cab.

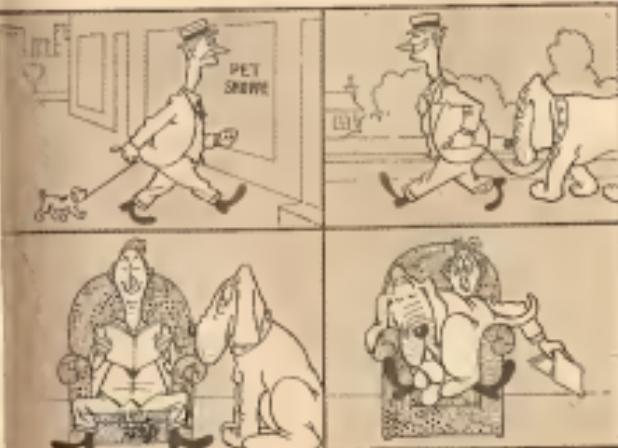
"Just to impress them," she said. "I deserved the cab—a battered old thing with pink seatbelts and a ping-pong driver. I'm sorry I caused you all that trouble." Jinxxy!

"She fooled me completely," I said. "I remembered the green suit and the blonde hair. I thought I remembered the legs, but now that I've had an unobstructed view of both yours and hers I can't imagine how I went foofed."

She blushed, but seemed to like it. She said, "If you'd like a better job, my boss needs a chauffeur badly."

"Do you travel round with him much?" I said.

"Quite often," she replied.  
"Consider me hired," I said.



# Bad Men



It began when Gaffrey's girl married another man; and it ended when two men were hanged.

**G**AFFREY was in a bad mood all that day. Penn left him alone. Well alone. They were both of them wild men, afraid of nothing, but they respected each other. Gaffrey lay on his bunk, playing himself with rum, a Considering air of violence about him. Penn walked outside in the sun, and sat down with an old newspaper. Their favorite boat lay rustling in the cove, the nets were drying on the beach. It was a wasted day.

They lived on the Great Barrier Island, at the entrance to Hauraki Gulf, outside Auckland Harbour. Only a few hours distant from Auckland, it might well have been in the mid-Pacific; isolated, cutout, blasted by terrific storms, a target for gales that swept its angry ramparts and set its giant forests to howling, galed by seething seas and filled with the bones of wrecked ships.

When Penn finally went inside, Gaffrey was sitting on the bed, glowing, a wild fire in his eyes. "Listen, Harry, if you curl up and married another woman—just like that—what would you do? Man is man, wouldn't you do for 'em?"

Penn nodded: "She shouldn't have done that to you, Jack. But it's the old people's talk. They influenced her against you."

## of the Great Barrier

He rolled back to his bunk, muttering threats and obscenities. Penn shored his amusement. Old Taylor and his wife had no right bearing into the affair between their eldest daughter and Gaffrey.

What neither man realized was that the girl had felt an real love for Gaffrey. It was purely infatuation, an infatuation that stemmed naturally from the repression created by her island existence. All three of old

Uncle screamed: "Harry, he tried to kill me. He tried to push me overboard."

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL REED



girls were advised to have nothing to do with them. They apparently paid no attention. Then the oldest girl and Coffey became engaged. And now she was married to another. And it was the parents' fault. They had encouraged the marriage to save the girl from the situation they thought she was about to enter.

A man in his late 30s, Dunn walked up to the bus with his arm around the 38-year-old. Linnie. "Hello, agents," she said to Coffey.

"Who's coming with ya, Jack?" pressed Penn. "They won't be merrin' like Lennie off behind my back."

They left the Great Bearie and  
arrived at Anchorage with their  
load of fish. Here the girl tested her  
serious freedom to the limit. She  
lived riotously. From a friend, Penn  
had borrowed the use of a cutter  
called Sovereign of the Seas. On  
board he and his human lived together  
for a week.

Coffey burned with jealousy. Writhing there, listening to them, he suffered all the more the torment of his defeat. He should be doing the same thing with the girl of his choice. He called Penn aside and suggested his plan. Penn agreed.

Their first necessity was to get possession of the Sovereign of the Seas. They did this simply by purchasing it. They provisioned it for a long hard voyage, and sailed out of Anck-  
land Harbour.

Louise was delighted when Paul told her it was their aim to travel over the Pacific to South America. Out on the open sea, she wanted to know why they were steering a course towards Great Barrier Island.

Gaffey told her bluntly "Your master is coming with us."

Louie was taken aback. Then she said "But Jack, ... I won't come. She's married, and you'll never be able to..."

"What makes you think I'm going to tell her now?"

Lewisine; Louisie on board, they made their way towards the old settler's house. Everybody there had been horrified when at first the newspaper, then the truth, had been uppermost, that Louisie had gone with the two young fishermen to Auckland. They were convinced she had been abducted, refusing to consider that she had consented to the flight. Some have been in the words of the two volunteers girls far, having sighted the man approaching, they bid themselves

The old man came to the door and walked towards them "What have you done with Linn?" he said.

"Where's the girls?" returned Clegg, in a low voice.

"You'll get no information from me," snapped the old man.

It was all over very quickly. Tom went on talking, threatened the old man, who was angrily silent. Coffey meanwhile walked around him, leveled his gun, and shot Taylor through the head. Mrs. Taylor gave a rending scream. The boy stood frozen in horror. The terrible drama left the two youths unmoved. With not a glance at the dead man lying in a pool of blood, they left.

Neither of them said anything.  
Liebe until they were out on the  
open sea. Then Penn remarked

The girl was shocked. She went into a numb silence. Then she cried hysterically.

"Take me back. Put me where I was. Take me back."

"We can't do that!" Dunn was frantic with her, and she saw no way to stop his face.

"But what'll happen to us?" asked.



"I don't see why you're all mad because I bought four cards to my ten of hearts for a royal rousting!"

(Please turn to page 11.)



"We plan to get married as soon as the cake is all gone!"

"Don't fret about that," said Penn. "We'll never be heard of again in New Zealand. We'll start a new life in South America."

They dined over a cooked sea-Everything should have been great all right but Coffrey was moody. And Penn was worried to see his grief-stricken partner.

A few days later Coffrey took Penn aside, and said to him, "Harry, I'm afraid she's going to split us up. She'll never tell me where you know."

Penn was horrified, then he shot furiously, "You're mad!"

"I'd be quick," Coffrey persisted. "Just one shot and done her overboard. Who'd know?"

"If you touch Linda," roared Penn, "Till hell you."

They left it at that, but Penn took no chances. He compromised his love in Linda. They took turns in watching while the other slept.

Terrible storms drove up from the east. In one of these Penn lost sight of Linda. Only when driven over the waves. Her clothes were sooty. She pinched and blanched in the storm-tossed sea, hurling onto the troughs, hitting on the rocks.

Penn called her name. He pealed down into the cabin. And she was there. And with her was Coffrey. When she saw Penn, Linda screamed: "Harry, he tried to kill me. He tried to make me overboard."

"You're a lie," shouted Coffrey. "The wave caught us. She would have gone, only I dragged her back."

"You didn't drag. You pushed. You pushed," shrieked Linda.

Penn waited for no more. He cast his fat crushing fist into Coffrey's face. Coffrey crashed like a bullock and lay like a dead mao.

The tension among them was stronger after that. It eased only when, after another storm, the boat sprung a leak, and a compass far their destination up the rift responded. Coffrey, realising they could not make

America, had the only hope for them lay in leaving the boat and attempting to reach Australia.

Three weeks later, after a terrible ordeal against belligerent seas and frightening gales, they landed on the coast of N.S.W., where, to hide their tracks, they scuttled the boat. The temper of the men drove them at each other's throats, and after a furious quarrel they parted. Coffrey went off on his own, Penn and the girl stayed together.

Meanwhile the crime had been publicised in New Zealand, and the police of South America and Australia were requested to watch for the criminals. Coffrey was arrested in N.S.W. only a short while before Penn and the girl. The day they embarked was a red-letter day for Sydney. Crowds converged to see them, excitedly climbing on to the roofs of wharf buildings and stationing themselves in the rigging of ships.

At the trial, along with Mrs. Taylor

and her son, Linda gave evidence.

Coffrey and Penn blanched and crimson-blushed each other; their counsel argued persuasively and powerfully for their loves. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation to mercy.

Judge Ward said: "You deserved your escape across, for the love of your wretched self so true that human eye could follow, but you forgot that the way of God is on the road, and his path on the great ocean, and his reward the steers. A wind-swept which drives you westward to Australia, from whence you have been brought hither to meet your doom."

The day before their execution, February 21, 1937, Coffrey and Penn made full confessions. They went to the scaffold knowing that Mrs. Taylor at least held no animosity for them, since she had written to them in jail: "You have done me a cruel wrong in killing my husband, and it is hard for me, but I forgive you."



"Captain Harry Worthington, Secret Intelligence?"

# THE BIG BLOW

An escaped convict—and a storm—over the compass she used against a hardened she-hawk.

★ By BARRY HILLS

I SAW the tree when I broke through the undergrowth, sweating and dragging at my breath like a condemned man.

I roared into the sky—a dead town of wood. A lightning bolt had scorched a great gnarled root in a tree in the ground. Inside a huge hollow gape—but enough to house a platoon of soldiers. I stumbled across to the tree and sprawled through the crimson opening. Inside it was dry and warm. I fell upon the dry bed of chips that had piled up around the hollow and slept...

When I woke it had stopped raining. Outside it was nearly dark. The cold wind was still mounting. Inside the tree it was warm and dark. I got to my feet slowly. I felt better. Lightning months of prison had stopped the trees thick flesh off me and given me a lean, hard body to exchange. It had served me better as my escape, but it didn't hold out the cold so well.

Suddenly a voice soared outside. I quivered with sudden fright, and crawled back further into the tree.

"Train, you boy! Get the wood for the fire! Fine berries you turned out to be! Get a move on, you worthless huck!"

A woman's voice answered wildly. There came the sound of something thrown, crashing against white walls—like a will. Boarded cases followed, and then the sound of running footsteps. Faint, dying light was seeping through a crack in the tree level with my head. I peered through it.

There was a small clearing just past



ILLUSTRATED BY JACK MAWSOHN



The tall, slender woman in the foreground is shown after the fierce storm. Her fractured tree stands before the wild winds against it.

a low tree beyond the big one I was sheltering in. A heavy horse grazed to one side of it. A ratty caravan with a small stereoscope roomed up from the end of it was pulled in on the opposite side. A light inside the caravan showed by a moment the bulk of a man's shadow against a shattered window.

The figure of a girl, head down, muttering wildly, was coming away from the caravan and heading towards the tree.

I crawled back in the tree. I

thought of all the dry shapes in there. My hand groping, found a big, gnarled piece of wood. I took it up steadily and cracked further bark.

The girl's footsteps came to the tree. Her bare bladed set the bark crackling through the split in the hollow. She squeezed through. As she did I grabbed her. My hand went over her mouth like a vice. At first she was too shocked to struggle. Then she started silently to kick and punch at me. In our struggle she took me forward into the dying light.

The light fell across my blond, curling hair, the eyes that the prison governor had shrank his head over and said belonged to a pest, and the nose an artist violin had said made him want to punch me.

She stopped struggling.

I could feel her suddenly warm and soft and heavy in my arms. The gray kerchief had slipped off her head. Her hair trailed downwards, black and heavy. I ran one hand through it, gingerly. Her blouse had been pushed aside. An olive-tinted breast pushed its way out, heavy from, high-sighted.

She ran the tips of her fingers gently across my cheek. Her eyes had a lunatic look. I bent my face down until my lips met hers.

"Trans-York—where are you?"

The voice roared from the caravan. She put her hands against my chest and reluctantly pushed me away from her.

Her voice was low and clear. She said, "I'll bring you food-later."

She squatted out through the split in the tree. I saw the blood running through my hot fire. The surface of her flesh still tingled against mine.

\* \* \*

When I woke, her hand was over my mouth so I would not cry out. She whispered in my ear: "He's asleep. I've bought food."

I sat up and she, I could feel her near me in the darkness. When I had eaten I reached out for her. Later, when our hearts had stopped their reckless hammering and again taken up their steady beat, her warm, full lips said around my ear, "If Leon knew I was here he'd drive a knife into me."

I said, "He is your husband!"

She said, "Yes. I was betrothed to him, as is our way, when I was a child. He cannot beat men so he beats me. He cannot do it to men because he has no legs—only twisted bones.

He throws his crutches at me. He beats me with them." She said, "Why were you in prison?"

I said, "I robbed a warehouse. I beat the nightwatchman."

She leaned back from me. Her eyes glared like a tiger's over the kill. She said, "Beat Leon for me. Beat him until the rest of his body is like his legs—twisted, useless."

She pressed her mouth savagely against mine. The ends of her fingers, clutching my shoulders, bit into the flesh. She said, "I'll come again tomorrow." I slept soundly.

To-morrow came. The day was still. There was something hot coming in the weather. The air got in arms around you and pressed tight. The day darkened early. I saw her moving through the crack in the tree. She did not come out of the caravan, but I heard her moving and throwing her crutches.

Towards the evening she took the pony harness and led him away. I guessed she was acting on the man's orders and taking the horse to better shelter from the thing that the weather was bringing up.

It kept getting darker. Darker and darker. Not the dusk of night, but the dark of something grim and terrible in the weather. Slowly the air that had been as still as death all day began to stir. A shift came into it. It started to move about you like the cold fingers of death.

Then somewhere away back in the darkness a sound started up. It was a long wailing noise, like the distant sobbing of a lost child. I knew what it meant, and I crouched down deeper in the tree.

Suddenly over by the caravan the girl leapt out. She stood there and began to throw stones back into the caravan. Her voice rose and fell in a manicure storm of cursing.

The man's voice roared back through the doorway. There came



"All I know is I was taking a bath and . . ."

the thumping sound of movement from inside the oven. All of a sudden the man's form appeared in the doorway—a gross, manshape thing, legs twisted around the crutches. With amazing agility he leapt after the girl. She ran from him, still carrying him. He reeled, and chased after her—swinging his body along with the crutches like an ape through the branches of a tree. She drew farther from him. He snarled and threw a crutch at her. She grabbed it up and ran back at him. She hit the other crutch from under his arm. He sprawled on the ground. She grabbed up the other crutch and ran towards me and the tree.

Back on the ground the man looked up at the sky. He raised at her, cursing her, telling her to come back. She ran on. It was getting darker. He began to shake—his screams to beg her to a high, shrill voice.

She reached the tree. She squirmed through its roots, bracelets jangling. She could not speak, but her eyes were glittering like a tiger's and she held the crutches out at me with shaking hands.

I looked through the crack in the tree at the man. He was looking up from the ground into the face of the thing that was nearly on him. His face was stark with truth-convulsed fear. I went to go out of the tree to have hit the girl turn at me with her hands. Her nails cinched my feet and chest. When I had beaten her off the thing had hit me.

The sound of it was like all the noise of the world rushing together to meet in one great ocean bed.

The tree quivered and shook as the great balls of white frost that were driven before the wind smashed against it. The darkness was lit up every few seconds by a lancing flame of lightning. The rain lashed everything like a thousand-thonged whip,

the spray of it dashing through the cracks in the tree like a foreman's beer being played through it.

It was as if we were crouched under the sole of a bursting dam. We had clung together, clutching one another frenziedly. We were two fragments of humanity cowering before the wrath of nature.

It passed so quickly as it had come—racing us into the night, an instant past intent on further mad destruction elsewhere. Done fended, soiled, battered bladdered, exhausted we slept.

\* \* \*

When I wake, the girl was standing up, looking through the crack in the tree. She turned to me. She was smiling, her black eyes glittering. She held out her hand. She said, "Come."

I went out of the tree with her. The great balls of hail were piled everywhere, monomaniac trees torn down by the fury of the wind. Nine out of every ten trees had been flung to the earth like weeds plucked from a garden-bed. We plunged knee-deep through water.

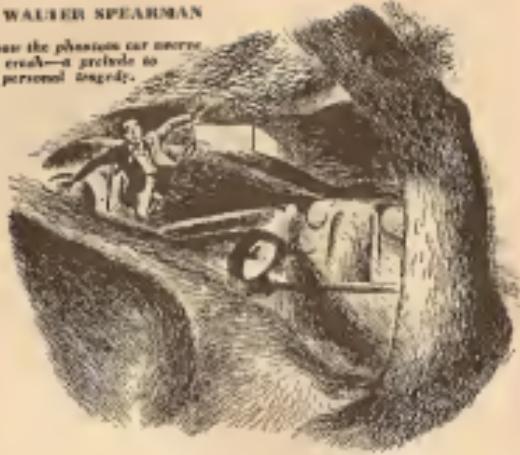
She led me to where her brother was standing for his crutches. There was a mound of hail there. She fell to her knees and cleared it aside. His body came into view. His hands were clasped around his head, but they had not done much good. Balls of hail had been hammered onto his skull like huge round teeth. The blood had frozen around the edges of them in uneven red lines. She glared over him. She had the crutches with her. She started to beat him with them. When she had finished she threw them aside, panting. She said, "I'll get the horse." When she'd gone I scrambled across the clearing, back past the big tree, and took the way I had come the first day. When I heard her voice in the distance calling me, I ran harder.



"...but it's not hard; any further iteration on the application of mechanical advantages of the two revised motions of a model contrivance which you designed with a basic focus will do this."

By WALTER SPEARMAN

**He saw the phantom car moreover  
and crash—a prelude to  
his personal tragedy.**



## The man with Second sight

THE recent strange experience of Mrs. Nellie Letherland, wife of a Northampton farmer, results in an even stronger and more tragic experience that befell a Hungarian in Budapest in the late twenties of this century.

On the bottom of a metal bucket she had bought five months before, Nellie Letherland had seen the face of a man, that of her dead

brother, Robert Forrest. When psychic experts took an interest, they emerged photographs with microscopes, scraped the bucket, and initialed it with rods. Their conclusion was that Nellie Letherland was not the victim of hallucinations.

When Mrs. Letherland stated her belief that the face was fading T. Ellerton Scott, president of the Northampton Psychics Society, shook

his head and told her that the image was even clearer after he had covered the bucket with a wire brush and powder. As well as the impression of a man's face, he said he also saw the image of a horse.

This has some significance when it is realized that the dead man, Fawcett, was a circus showman.

Such an experience will naturally meet with some, great interest, incredulity, and belief. Perhaps the safest course to steer with regard to psychic phenomena is a middle one—that of the sceptic, who prefers to leave the issue open until convincing scientific proof verifies it as fact. This must certainly apply in the case of George Kirton, his story reads more strongly than weird fiction; it could be the plot of an arch-writer of macabre tales.

Kirton was a small dapper man, a gentleman of breeding and culture, though so a beggar made by his wealthy father. He was one of the lions of Hungarian society, as noted for his trenchant wit, his jocular abilities, as much as for his differences with women. He was sought after to be present at society functions, and match-making mothers with discontented daughters were constantly pressing him for his attention.

Kirton was a hard liver, strictly devoted to serving Marzena, and storing himself in all the joys of decadent existence. He aimed up resentment against his among the many moderate and deeply religious who reviled him. He had a brilliant gift for logical analysis. He had also been in hot water with not a few husbands whose wives had been charmed by his spells, and who had laid their怨 at his feet.

On a warm summer night he had been invited to a dinner given by one of the famous hostesses in a wealthy part of the town. With the

air of his voice, Kirton put the finishing touches to his dressing. His mustache was waxed to perfection. His hair was parted back like Wagner. He was dressed like a Brummell, and, like Brummell, having dressed to the best of his ability he forgot himself. Only the little puffs under his eyes betrayed his absolute living.

He went out to the garage, and brought out his car. He was looking forward to the drive, with the fragrance from the gardeons filling the air.

Kirton had about five miles to go. He started the car down the drive, on to the quiet road, and got on his way.

He had not gone two miles when he felt a cold numbing sensation in his brain. Thinking himself about to faint, he caused the car on to the side of the road and slowed up. Then his vision shrank with an unexpected suddenness, and a hundred yards down the road he saw an incoming car move erratically, bounce on to the grass, and smash into a tree.

The shattering sound was clear in his ears.

He stopped his own car, and shot off the motor. Bewildered, expecting to have screens, the smashing of wheels, any emanation of the collision, he stepped out on to the road. His brain was beginning again, and he staggered. But as before it cleared rapidly, and he half-ran towards the scene of the accident.

The surrounding moonlight was bright, but the trees cast thick shadowed, and he was not astonished when, as he went towards it, he could not pick out the bulk of the broken car.

He was astonished only when as reaching the scene there was nothing to be found. Nothing but space dimmed by the overhanging foliage, with a soft whisper of wind in the trees and the crisp sound of his own feet on the grass. No sign of a car

Krings was considerably shaken. His look was now as clear as crystal. He could not have imagined it. First thought he had felt, the whole vista had been presented to his gaze—the car and all the circumambient scenery. The memory was still there, everything was there except the car. Was it possible that he had seen a phantom? The rigid materialist mind reviled this idea. But then he had heard the sound of the smash—the scratching thud as it hit the tree, the rattling and grinding of metal.

It must have been a hallucination. This thought, when he would admit no other of a psychic or supernatural colour, strengthened in his mind, particularly in association with the swimming head and the faint feeling he had experienced just prior to it.

He went back to his car and drove on. His friend, Joseph Sagervary whom he had to pick up, was waiting for him at the gate of his house. Sagervary was a young man, well-off, one of the social élites; he did nothing for a living except live. He greeted Krings with great cordiality, settled himself in beside his friend, and then, turning with a smile to Krings drew up short in his speech to explain: "My dear fellow, whatever is the matter?"

"The matter?" asked Krings with a slight ruffle of pose.

"Your face!"

"What is the matter with my face?"

"It's as pale. Have you been ill?" Sagervary was shocked.

Krings was about to tell him the reason for his disturbed feelings, but realized that it would serve no end except to fill Sagervary's mind with gossip, which he would relate to the pleasure of the company. After all, it would have its point, a very apt point. George Krings, the pessimistic atheist of all that was other-worldly; the materialist monocrat of all that smacked of spirituality; and

here he was involved in an experience which smacked of the psychic. Even if it had been a reality fostered by his sudden swoon, Krings knew that there were people who would explain that very swoon as an action not of the mind but of the soul, in which he did not believe.

No, it was too embarrassing to mention.

"Are you sure you're well?" persisted Sagervary.

"Perfectly," madded Krings. "If you must know, I almost knocked down an old peasant back there."

Sagervary sighed. "I thought you'd had a tone of some sort. It's written all over your face."

"Well," retorted Krings. "Allow it to demonstrate that the face of man is an inveterate tale-bearer, and let it sit at that."

Relieved, Sagervary began to chat lightly of Madame Maria Fullmer, who was to be their hostess tonight.

"You know her well, George?" he asked.

"Tolerably," snarled Krings. "She is the most obnoxious woman in Budapest, but she is so cutthroat it is impossible to wean her away from her husband, even though his business fortunately takes her away to crash."

"No woman is beyond the conquest of man," sphermed Krings.

"The master speaks," grinned Sagervary, respectfully.

By the time they had reached the house, Krings had subverted the unpleasant episode on the road, and as he went into the brightly lighted salons he became his native self, greeted by the hostess and surrounded by beautiful women and idle, brilliant men. Many more fell from his lips to make the company laugh; he analysed situations with a quip, described people for ill or good with a style of refined wit.

Maria Fullmer, with a figure like a reed, draped in satinet, her short black hair piled in coils on her head,



"You look into her eyes . . . you raise an eyebrow. Then we pass to the next scene . . . the cause is vague and you're both trembling water . . ."

smiled warmly at him and with the others listened fascinated to his talk.

"Someone said to him: 'Tell me, Mr. Kriegl, what do you think is the most important current affair?'"

"The human race," shot back Kriegl.

The company laughed and clapped. Another voice said: "Do you really think so, old man?"

"If the human race," said Kriegl, "is not a current affair, then at least it is a permanent one."

He was in his best mood, with an appreciative audience to liven up.

It was when they went into the dining room that Kriegl changed. He was sitting about three chairs from Maria Pultmar, who presided at the end of the table. Suddenly, in the midst of a sentence, his voice died away, and he stared at the hostess with a look of horrified stupefaction. There was silence for a few moments. Maria Pultmar saw his blank, rictus stare, looked startled, then smiled. "What is wrong, Mr. Kriegl?"

The words seemed to shake Kriegl out of his preoccupation. He smiled and spoke, saying something about the affinity of extreme beauty to madness.

People went on eating and talking and laughing. But Kriegl was silent. Various questions addressed to him seemed to go unheard until a nudging or a tug at his coat sleeve caused him to recollect himself. He could not drag his eyes away from the face of the woman, Maria Pultmar. He hardly ate anything.

Now and then he would start forward as though to speak to her, then pause in his chair. People were beginning to notice his behaviour, and asked him sympathetically if he were well. Supterry looked considerably annoyed with him. He could not understand the strange torments of his friend. They were entirely alien to Kriegl. What pained him most was Kriegl's face, the dead white

expression, the spasm of horror in its fleeting expression, the dark narrative eyes.

Dinner passed, and they were leaving the dining room, when Supterry caught Kriegl's sleeve and drew him into a corner. "Whatever's wrong with you, George? People are beginning to think you're either drunk or mad."

"Supterry," said Kriegl, "I beg you not to ask me what it is but I must leave at once."

"But," protested Supterry, "the party hasn't started yet."

"No, Joseph, I must go. We've got to get out of that."

Supterry saw that it was no use.

He was annoyed and disgruntled.

"Very well, then. But at least

apologise to Madame Pultmar and bid her good-bye."

Kriegl was now losing all his self-possession; sweat stood out on his forehead. "No, no!" he cried. "I must get away from here. This instant!" With that he dashed away. Supterry was staggered and disengaged.

Kriegl dashed out in a cold sweat of horror and spasm into the sun. His body was shaking, and he heard himself panting. He spun the wheel, soared down the road. How could he explain it? Did he have second sight? What did it mean? He asked himself these questions while all the time the image was vivid in his mind—the image he had seen without warning as they sat down to dinner back at the house. Standing behind her, Maria Pultmar, Kriegl had seen a devil. It was at the back of her chair, a horrid sight, just standing there, watching her every movement, its lips slithering into a grin whenever the woman took up a knife, and the grin distortion as it made a murderous gesture with an hand, drawing it across its throat.

Kriegl would never forget it. And he feared. He feared it was an omen.

(Please turn to page 34)



"If this works we'll go on the stage!"



hindering fruitful desire to himself. The car gathered speed. His mind was in a flurry of mystery and doubt; first the phantom crash, and then the devil. Nothing had ever paralleled them in his experience. Why should they happen to him?

He unsteered the speed of the car, flying madly away from he knew not what.

In a sudden impulse of sanity he recalled that the car was leaving the road, was bumping over the ground, there was a great-gnawed two rattling up to meet it; and as he averted, flung himself sideways, blinding his eyes with his hands, he knew that this was the spot where he had seen the incoming car, where he had seen the crash, and he knew that he had beaten his own disaster.

He knew nothing more—nothing more until he came out of a coma. There were lights and voices, and he

was in a hospital room. Sargevery was sitting beside him, muttered something about being so disturbed at his behavior that he followed him, and found him unconscious in the wretched car.

"I thought you were dead, and can't help," said Sargevery.

By degrees he learned that he had been five days lying unconscious in hospital, and that his shaming hostess, Marie Pilkiss, had cut her throat when the news of his supposed death had been announced by Sargevery. Nobody knew why.

George Kressel said he had been her lover.

Months later, when he was well again, he told Sargevery the whole story, and Sargevery had reprinted it in a little book, translated under the title, *Nights and Days of a Gentleman*.

## Form Reversal...

One of the most remarkable records in boxing is that of Bobbie Bill Square, Australian heavyweight champion of the early 1920's. Until Square came on the scene, the glamor boy of the period was Peter Folio. Square knocked him out on three occasions—and ran up a sequence of knockout victories that was truly sensational. In Australia, he fought 13 times, and not one match went the limit. Few of them, in fact, lasted more than 10 rounds.

With that reputation behind him, Square journeyed to the United States. He was matched with Tommy Burns, and was knocked out in the first round.

From then on, Square continued to take part in jingo matches—but the difference now was that the Australian was almost invariably on the receiving end. In eight subsequent fights, Square was flattened in seven occasions, and his only win was over a man billed as the champion of Ireland.

Thus, not one of his 26 fights went the distance. At the close of his career, his record read 18 wins by knockout and eight losses by the same route!



# HYSTERIC HISTORIES

With Stuart down the Darling

R USH up the Union Jack," said Stuart to his friend, George Macleay.

Luckily, Macleay was wearing shorts, and was able to clamber off and run up the flagpole without much difficulty.

"What's the idea?" he said when he came down.

"We've discovered the Darling," said Stuart.

"Is that good?"

"Good enough. This river flows into the Hunter River, and the Hunter River is practically in Victoria, and Melbourne is in Victoria. What's to day?"

"Tuesday."

"The month?"

"November."

"What Tuesday?"

"The second one."

"Then," said Stuart, "we'll get cracked."

"What for?" asked Macleay.

"I've drawn a starter in the Cup." Macleay sat down and looked stubbly at his friend.

"Fifty-fifty," he said stubbornly. Stuart sat down also, and glared at his friend.

"This," he said, "is a race howdy do. I let you in on the expedition, bring you all this distance, and stop you from being eaten by the sharks. And what happens?"

"What?" asked Macleay, interestedly.

"You stand over me. Why don't you get a naked in Tasmania yourself?"

"Did. Got a blank, but."

Saddishly Stuart started up. Through the mist of the morning were emerging shortly shapes. They were sur-

rounded by blank! Stuart, however, approached them fractionally.

"What's that queer clicking noise?" said Macleay. "It sounds like giddy coaches."

Stuart replied, "My teeth snap!" and continued toward the blanks.

"You talk like plenty sober?" he said plausibly.

"No tobacco," responded one of the strangers. "You gotten Cheesefield or Philip Morris?"

"No Only tobacco." "You sellin' Cossels on black?" The stranger's voice was rasped.

"No selling. White falls has plenty hairy, get to Melbourne. You better get go."

"Letterm go." Much relieved Stuart and Macleay continued their journey until at last they came to Melbourne. The city was deserted.

"What's today?" said Stuart. "I told you, Tuesday," said Macleay.

"The second one in November?"

"Yes."

"What year?"

"Eighteen hundred and twenty-four."

Stuart, becoming very angry, threw his hat on the ground.

"A luxury trick, that's what it is. Now we've got to wait till 1881—and what a hell of a place Melbourne is to spend all those years in!"

"What's we got to wait for?"

Stuart looked at him with a poised expression.

"What do you think, mag? The first Melbourne Cup isn't being run off then?"



WINGS OF THE SNOWBIRD

*Camera Art*

16 MAN JUNIOR, October, 1948

G桑根



Food

BRAVE NEW WORLD

MAN JUNIOR, October, 1948, 37



MALE TRIUMPHANT

36 MAN JUNIOR, October, 1948

Fedor



Fedor

HANDS OF THE POTTER

MAN JUNIOR, October, 1948. 39



PEACEFUL ANCHORAGE

© MAN JUNIOR October, 1962.



Fader

Banney

CONCERTINA MAN

MAN JUNIOR October, 1962 41



## Surprise Selection

Vernon Lake has the smallest waist in Hollywood. It measures only 20½ inches—¾ inches less than the average film star's. Only one other film star has had as narrow a waist. In her heyday, Mary Pickford had the same measurement.

The "Pied Piper of Stikinepole," as the nickname the people of Carly, Northwest, B.C., have given to Mr J. W. Horwood, who has come to destruction with an imitation of their native call on a reed-pipe.

American families will soon be confronted with square eggs at their breakfast table. A Massachusetts inseptor has damaged a plastic cube to hold the ends of the egg. Machinery breaks the shell, pours the contents into the cube and makes it air-tight. The square egg saves packing space and is unbreakable.

The first School of Cricket in India has been established by H.H. The Maharajah of Purbender.

The glove industry in Paris has announced the creation of a two-headed glove designed for holding hands in chilly picture theatres.

The fastest automatic computer or "mathematical brain" in use is known as the Briss. It does 30,000 man-hours of actual work in two hours.

Charles O. Handley, Jr., an American biologist thought he was seeing things when on one of Canada's forbidding north islands, a rabbit rose up on its hind feet in front of him and ran like a man. On his return to U.S., Handley visited scientific libraries, and found theistic hare's strange behaviour recorded in print.

Engineers and geologists say that by 21,000 A.D., the Niagara Falls will no longer exist, because the Niagara river will become a gigantic whirlpool higher up in Lake Erie. The Falls are continually retreating, having below them a canyon seven miles long and 200 feet deep.

Seventeen-year-old Peter van Jaarsveld in Southern Rhodesia is able to "see" underground streams, as well as gold and diamonds, through rock without even a diamond rod. Peter has signed a contract with a mining syndicate in Johannesburg to prospect for gold and diamonds.

STUDY BY EVERARD



# MURDER shows its face

GERALD BY JACK BRADLEY

*We had the face of an angel and the heart of a murderer—a dangerous combination.*

HE had first discovered his face when he was ten years old. He had stolen a watch belonging to a classmate and everybody in the class had been suspected except himself. That night, after he had hidden the watch under a pile of toys in his closet, he had gone to the mirror and looked at his face.

It was the face of an angel.

"Gee!" he had exclaimed, reply-  
"Nobody in the world would believe  
a punk with a face like that could be  
crooked."

When he had left home, he had  
gone to the underworld so naturally  
as an alcoholics drifting to the nearest  
bar. Then an old-timer in the  
saloons had given him the tip that  
had changed his life.

"Get away from the rough stuff  
and stay away from it, kid. A guy  
with a face like yours could go to the  
top in a strictly legitimate racket.  
Look, I'm giving you the address of a  
friend of mine in Melbourne. She  
calls herself Madame Zone, and that's  
only a small-time bird-bride, but  
she can give you a start."

Madame Zone had given him a  
start all right. In two years he was  
one of the best mail-order boys in the

racket. But he was not satisfied.  
The big dough, he began to realize,  
was in a course of lessons, where  
you could act a whole round of  
the masters in a class.

So, he had launched the Stephen  
Warren School for the Development  
of the Inner Personality, and it had  
been a success from the start. Women  
now that smooth, open face, held  
that gently boming voice and came  
back with their friends.

Then he had started giving lessons  
by mail! The money began to pour  
in. And every one of those respects  
brought back a series of lessons with  
Stephen Warren's photo at the top of  
the first page.

Every small town in the country  
had someone who owned Stephen  
Warren's photo on a course of  
lessons. And, for every one who owned  
a photo on those lesson there were  
thousands who had seen it in news-  
papers or magazines, and on bill-  
boards . . .

Warren jerked his head up wildly.  
He had been nodding, and the hat cap  
had crept over until it was seven  
inches from the edge of the road. He  
pulled it back to safety and snarled:



*"I'm willing to give you this for  
the operation if you want to do  
it. I think you know what I mean."*

ILLUSTRATED BY GERALD LANTZ

wearily, as he shifted the heavy 45 automatic to a more comfortable position under his shoulder.

Surely there must be someone in these hills who had never seen his face in a newspaper or on a billboard. And yet, he would have to be so careful. He had left two unguarded people behind him, and he knew that his crime must have been broadcast all over the whole eastern seaboard.

Absently, he had a dashing vision of Mildred, lying there with the dark blood seeping out of the great hole the 45 had blasted in her chest and her whispering weakly,

"Mildred! Mildred! Why did it have to end this way?"

\* \* \*

Mildred Hastings had been just another of his pagina—first. Then he had begun to realize that her face was a frenzied counterpart of his own. The same innocent eyes, the same look of absolute trustworthiness. The difference was that her face spoke the truth. Presently he began to want this girl more than he had ever wanted anything in his whole life.

Oddly enough, she returned his love. She really believed he was doing a great and noble work. They would have been satisfied in another week had it not been for the arrival of old man Simpson.

He had been taking Simpson over for a \$10,000 "investment" and Mildred had walked in on them at exactly the wrong moment. She had seen the whole set-up in a flash and had denounced him. As long as he lived he would never be able to forget the tears in her eyes as she told him, "You are the most contemptible thing I have ever known!"

Old man Simpson had rushed for the phone to call the police and Warner had drawn the gun merely to frighten him. Who would have

dreamed that the old fool would try to jump a man with a 45 in his hand? Somehow, the gun had gone off and Simpson had ended up on the floor with half his face blown away.

And then Stephen Warner had gone completely berserk. There was a roaring in his ears and, through it all, he had seen Mildred coming toward him, that look of utter loathing still in her face. With that roaring still in his ears, he had fired one shot from the big automatic rifle he had then rushed out of the house the smoking gun still in his hand. And now, he knew, every newspaper and radio in the country was warning citizens to be on the lookout for him.

He raised his burning eyes and stared at the unending ribbon of concrete that lay ahead of him, trying to see a cut-off road. His eyes were too strained to see the "Dangerous Curve" sign ahead of him. The next thing he knew he was whizzing straight out toward the edge of the cliff and a fifty-foot drop. He screamed shrilly and shut his eyes as he writhed frantically at the wheel. There was a blinding crash, and then the whole universe was filled with screaming thunder and crackling flames. Then merciful oblivion.

He felt that it was but a split second before he opened his eyes again. He was in a pit filled with great, roaring flames. He raised his hand a little. A few feet away from him the car lay on its side, blazing furiously. Then he saw a great, bearded face bending over him. As from a great distance, he heard the man's voice:

"Come on, master! Gotta get you away from here before she blows up. Come on! You gotta help me."

By some miracle of will-power, he managed to stagger to his feet, and the bearded man half led, half carried him back up the hill. The rest

(Please turn to page 50)



"Care to swing across the showroom?"



"They don't have the well dishes here they need to."

of it was a blurry nightmare of stumbling over rocks and fallen logs through the thick woods until, sans later, he saw a rough shack looming up before him. Then there was a rough bed and he was slumbering towards it. That was the last thing he remembered . . .

When he awoke, he was in bed, and his face and hands had been bandaged. Werner turned his head weakly and saw the bearded man sitting beside the bed.

"What happened?" he asked.

The old fellow turned and deliberately spat tobacco juice through an open window. "Well," he said, "you come round that curve like a bat out of hell and crashed smack into a tree. I just happened to be there, and I ran down to the road and pulled you out. Tore you bared to death. Shore had a time gettin' you home to my place, too. Then I went out and got old Doc Winters and he fixed you up fine."

"Dad—did the doctor know who I was?"

"Nops, not at first. Then he looked at your driver's license and found your name. Said he'd ask you how to get in touch with your folks when he come back tomorrow."

Werner's brain was racing madly. A hick doctor who hadn't recognized him. It was absolutely perfect. The driver's license in his pocket bore a phony name, of course—he had carried it for years for just such an emergency as this. And, for the same reason, he was carrying nearly \$1000, in a secret compartment in his wallet. If his hick doctor would only listen to reason . . .

"Tell you what, old-timer," he said slowly. "I may have to stay here for a while, until the doctor gets through with me. But I'll pay you all a day for the time I'm here. So I want you to understand one thing: You're not to mention me being here to anyone."

You see, I'm a—a sort of government man."

The old man nodded eagerly.

"Fine. And, as soon as the doctor comes tomorrow, I want you to take a walk for a few minutes. Something I want to say to the doctor." Werner's brain was hot with excitement. Once he was free of that trade-mark fear of his, he could make his way back to the city, where he had the bulk of his money in a bank, under another name.

Dr. Winters came a little before noon the next day, and Werner waited impatiently while he fiddled with bandages. The doctor was a shrivelled beady-eyed little man, almost as unwholesome as his host. When he had replaced the bandages, Werner recalled the old maxim that to withdraw, then pulled out his wallet from beneath his pillow. From it he took \$100. He held it up before the doctor.

"I want a little operation done on my face, Doctor," he said slowly. "I want it fixed so I'll look different. And I'm willing to give you this for the operation if you want to do it. I think you know what I mean."

The doctor's beady eyes tightened with excitement as he looked at the notes. "I reckon I could fix you up, sir. It wouldn't be much of an operation."

Werner said curtly: "I want the operation done right here, in this place. And nobody with you except the old-timer. I have my reasons."

The doctor started to protest. Then he glared again at the notes and slowly nodded his head.

\* \* \*

The long days droned by interminably. The operation, Dr. Winters assured him, had been a success, but it would be some time before the bandages could be removed.

Just before the operation had started, Dr. Winters had swung up a small mirror and snapped a picture of his



"Never saw anyone as jaded! It's your size, isn't it?"

face. It had happened so quickly that Werner had not had time to stop him.

"What's the idea of that?" he growled.

The doctor had indeed at last an surprise. "Why, because I want you to see the difference in your face now and when I'm through with it," he said blandly. "Don't worry, I won't show the picture to anybody."

Stephen Werner had wanted to protest but had thought better of it. A day or two more, and he could be on his way back to the city and his money. And then . . . He waited impatiently while the old doctor laid a cheap hand mirror on the bed beside him and leisurely started to remove the bandages. When the last one was removed, Dr. Whistman stood back and looked at him with satisfaction.

"Haaaaa! Not bad," he remarked merrily. "Not bad at all. No, sir, I bet one of them high-priced city specialists couldn't done a better job. No, sure!"

Werner snatched up the mirror with hands that were shaking like leaves. He held before his face and almost shrieked aloud in his anguish. Why, the damn old fool had not done one thing to his face! No, that was not quite true. The long scab had cut were still raw and there was a large patch of his face that was a slightly different shade than the rest. But the features were still the same.

"Boy!" Dr. Whistman's voice was suddenly cold and sharp. "Aint I seen you somewhere before?"

Werner looked up quickly. The old doctor was standing before his peering intently at his face. Back of him, the bearded mustachio was leaning forward.

"Whip, sure I have," the doctor went on excitedly. "Yea's that feller that runs that phony school down South

The same feller that killed them two people."

Werner hurried the mirror straight at the old man, then turned around and mashed the silk from under his pillow. The red face was before his again and he slowly raised the big gun, started to squeeze the trigger.

There was a blinding roar from across the cabin, and he saw the bullet leap from his hand, felt his whole arm go numb. He looked around dully. The bearded mustachio was standing out in the middle of the room, a rifle in his hand and smoke was curling up badly from the muzzle.

"I thought that all a day was too good to be true," the old fellow said sadly. "Buckoo, you can hold him here while I go over and get the police, Doc?"

"Don't see why not," Dr. Whistman replied absentmindedly. Suddenly he threw back his head and began laughing.

"I got it all figured out now," he gasped, between howls of laughter. "Haaa I was, thinking you wanted me to graft some new skin on your face so those burns wouldn't show, and all the time you was waitin' me to do one of them plastic surgery jobs, an nobody would know who you was."

"And what's all down fuzzy about that?" Stephen Werner asked sourly.

Old Dr. Whistman went on laughing and wiping the tears out of his eyes. "Why, you damn fool, you already had a plastic job done as your face—a better job, for your purposes, than the finest specialist in the world could have done. Here. Take a look at that!"

He handed Werner the snapshot he had taken before beginning the operation.

The snapshot was that of a face marred and twisted by fire until it bore no slightest resemblance to his own. His own mother wouldn't have recognized him with that face.



**Roberts, smuggler of human cargo, paid for his mistake in style.**

By OTTO REEDY



## The Body in the Box

"WELL, damn my eyes!" said William Wells, chief officer of the steamer *Shamrock*.

The white-faced man is the cabin steward who was trembling violently. He had just told Wells an incredible story, and the chief officer, starting to his feet, had dropped his pipe in horrified amazement. There was a moment's silence. Then, not at all

concerned of his companion's words, Wells said sharply: "Come on deck, Roberts! We'll get to the bottom of this, or I'll know the reason why."

Charles Roberts began to cry.

He was a little man in early middle-age, and he cried like a baby, slowly, brokenly. The hot tears cut glistening furrows down his cheeks and impelled suddenly of a grief he

couldn't understand, Wells pushed him to one side. He went into the passageway and stumbled up the companion ladder to the *Shamrock's* half-deck. Roberts stumbled after him.

It was the afternoon of Monday March 15, 1917. The *Shamrock*, its paddle-wheels churning innocently through the sluggish swell, was two and a half days out of Leavenworth on its regular Haen Strait crossing. It was bound for its home port of Sydney, by way of Melbourne, Eden and Twofold Bay, and the sun, which had been beating down all day with oven heat, was low on the horizon. For all that, the air was still warm, even a little oppressive.

Passengers stared with curiosity at the distressed Roberts. He had come alone at Leavenworth with his two small children, his luggage—a couple of heavy trunks—loaded on a wheelbarrow. He had watched the steamer stow the trunks in the after-hold, and, at one stage, had cried out unexpectedly: "Be careful of that box, whatever you do! Be careful, please!" After that—or so they were to remember later—he behaved half-benign, more than passing vicious, his condition "unusual and disordered."

Wells was a man of action.

By now he was at the after-hold, with Roberts, still sobbing bitterly, close at his heels. The hatch had been battened down at Leavenworth on the previous Saturday, and, as a steward pealed it loose, an unpleasant odor came like a breath of death from the twilight depths. Roberts let out a heart-broken cry.

"Curious wellholders begin to gather. 'Stand back!' Wells ordered.

A trunk of hay had been dumped on top of the latrines and now only subdued grunting of two seafarers, the rhythmic "clomp, clomp" of the paddle-wheels, disturbed the silence. They hauled the hay to the deck, and impelled by a sense of urgency, Wells

clambered down on the confusion of bags and boxes. He was running feverishly along some faint bags close to the bulkhead when Roberts called out brokenly: "That's it we're—just starting on it."

"God have mercy on you!" Wells muttered.

The trunk that Roberts had indicated was lifted from the hold. It was a narrow wooden box, not more than three feet in length and two feet six inches in height, and there was a space beneath the lid just sufficient for Wells to insert his fingers. He was forcing it open when Captain Gilmore—the ship's master, who had been summoned from the poop, pushed his way through the press of curious passengers. The news of tragedy had spread like fire through the steamer and excitement was at feverish pitch when the lid was suddenly lifted. Inside the box was the decomposing body of a woman.

She sat with her knees drawn close to her chin, her arms sprawled as though stricken, even in her last sleep to force upward the impounding lid. Apparently she had died on the Saturday night—slow, agonizing death from suffocation. There had been four contributing factors—the battening down of the hatch, the inadequate shelves in the box itself, the tenss of hay that had protected her opening the lid, and the heat of the steam boiler in the adjoining hold.

Roberts was not the only one crying now. Several women screamed hysterically, and, with faces averted, hurried from the scene. The fact, dimmed by them in that brief moment, had been twisted in an agony of fear.

Gilmore saw through smoky eyes the stifling blackness of the hold, heard the hissing voices of the seafarers, sensed in a detached sort of way the incredible terror that, for a few brief hours, had banished the

forgotten corner of the steaming Shamrock. The woman, quite obviously had entered the hold alone. A few days before, she had been a living vital being; then in the steaming darkness, she had held unbroken converse with Death, fighting it—determined, maybe—with snuffed screws and closing finger nails. She had died in earnest, a passenger in a wooden box beneath a mass of hay. The thought oppressed Gilmore. Turning abruptly to his chief officer, he said: "Arrest that man, Mr. Wells!"

After that, he didn't waste much time.

Roberts, overcome by a grief that had touched the heart of the most hardened passenger, was placed under lock and key; thereafter the dead woman, wrapped in a shroud and appropriately weighted, went over the Shamrock's side in an unmarked grave. Gilmore closed his Bible on the burial service, and, without more ado, counted himself a court of inquiry.

The woman, it was soon revealed, was Henry Robinson Roberts—Roberts' wife and the mother of his two children. They had been known to Harry Smith, a Shamrock passenger, for many years, and on the Friday before the tragedy, he had met them together in George Street, Launceston. They had laughed and joked with him in apparent "high good humour"; in fact, so far as he could recall, they had always been happy together.

The evidence fitted together like a jigsaw puzzle.

There was, first of all, the mysterious cry that had disturbed the woman, Richard Hetherley. The vessel had anchored at George Town, at the mouth of the Tamar River, early on Saturday evening. Several boxes had come ashore and Hetherley had been told to stow them in the afternoon. The hatch had been taken off.

"It was then I heard the cry."

Hetherley grimly told the captain. "It was very faint and, on first reckoning, it seemed to come from the hold itself. But there were so many children about, I thought I must—a been mistake."

"Plain fact of the matter, sir, I took no notice of it."

Gilmore glanced through his notes. No person named Nancy Roberts-Roberts had been allotted a cabin at Launceston, and her presence aboard had not been suspected when, only that morning, the clearing officer at George Town had inspected the passengers for a final check-over. That was the background to the story. The rest was up to Roberts.

It was difficult to make sense out of him—he grief was so great. He was, he explained, a labouring man who could neither read nor write. Several years before he had married Nancy. And, as Harry Smith had already stated, they had found in their life together companionship and happiness.

But it had been a happiness overshadowed by the shanghaiing and the whipping-post, the harsh brutality and maltreatment of Australia's penal system. For Nancy Roberts had been a convict under sentence of transportation, and, despite the savings that had given her own children and a measure of freedom, she had narrowly a soul to sell her own.

She had been assigned to Roberts—convict girls in those days were nothing more than chattels! Then Roberts, very much in love, had married her, and in Launceston they had settled down to the hard-drug life of labouring people. Neighbours had come to know them as an industrious and thrifty couple.

Things might have gone on that way if Opportunity, with a capital "O," had not beckoned Roberts unexpectedly to the Australian mainland. What that Opportunity was the records do not show.

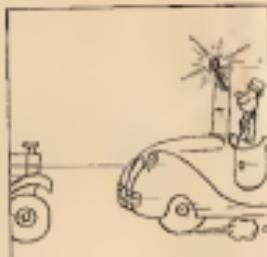


"He's getting married, but not to you. Now don't we? I didn't break it gently."



She would struggle aboard the Shamrock in a swaying trunk, release herself in the hold of the ship, and later on, with Roberts' backing, struggle with the other passengers. All she would have to do was to remain in hiding until the Shamrock left George Town. After that, the run would be simple.

"There's no sense in ye, Nancy. It



But Nancy Roberts had been as excited as he at the prospect offering light-years they had gathered together their worldly possessions, and, as a matter of routine, he had told the authorities of his future intentions. The official doctor, however, had left nothing to the imagination. He could go if he wished—he and his two children—but Nancy Roberts would have to stay.

He had pleaded and argued, but to no good purpose. Nancy Roberts, he was convinced, was an engaged novice. As such, she must remain within the jurisdiction of Van Dieman's Land, and, in no circumstances could permission be granted for her transfer to the mainland. At that stage, both Sydney and Port Phillip were in revolt against the transportation system, and even in remote outposts such as Geelbourn, note critics were denouncing the system of prison labor "either direct or indirect", as a danger to the material interests of the colony and something which "would exert the most blighting influence on the normal and social well-being of the community". So far as Nancy Roberts was concerned, there was as yet no. That at least was what the authorities thought. Nancy Roberts had other ideas.

Her plan had been simple.

can't be done," Roberts had persisted vigorously.

In the end, Nancy herself had bought the ill-fated box. There had been others in the plot, but, on this point, the grief-stricken husband was adamant—he would not, in any circumstances, disclose their names. They had helped him bring the trunk aboard and had assisted in its stowage. Nancy had been slow then and tardy before they had stowed her in the after-hold; he had spoken to her, then conversation, a conspiracy of words without real significance. The one thing he had not hesitated for had been that truss of hay.

"But 'twas all my fault, and, if ye don't mind, sir, I'll take the blame for it," Roberts told Gilmore. And, with equal stubbornness, he refused to put his mark to the written summary of his statement.

Gilmore gave an expressive shrug.

"I'm not going to help you, Roberts," he said sternly.

A few days later, the Shamrock, due to anchor in Port Phillip Roberts was taken ashore in custody, and on the following morning he appeared at the Police Court charged with being an accessory in overthrowing a convict clandestinely from Van Dieman's Land, and with being an accessory to the death of a convict.

That was hot news, even a hundred years ago. Reporters from most of the Melbourne newspapers were on the spot, and the *Port Phillip Patriot*, under the heading "Dominion Intelligence", sub-titled an account, "The Late Melancholy Case on Board the Shamrock". A wave of sympathy, unusual in that time and setting, spread from the coast itself to the whole southern aftermath. Even Syd-

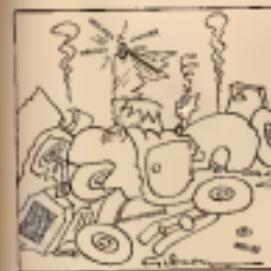
ney's depositions might be placed before the Crown Prosecutor for that officer to deal with as he might think proper. Prior to the discovery of the body, the poor fellow was observed to be in a dreadfully nervous and disordered condition."

After that, the story hung fire for a week, then a fortnight, while awaiting a report, officially awaited action by the Van Dieman's Land authorities. But weeks later, nothing had happened and Roberts' next appearance before the Police Court passed almost unnoticed. Freshman had gone from the story, it had become a mere matter of routine reporting.

But it was obvious that the Law did not intend to deal kindly with him. In proceedings that lasted only a few minutes, he was released on bond of £500 to answer any charge that might be preferred against him. If such a charge ever became a reality, the newspaper files are silent on the subject.

The odds are that he settled down with his two children in Port Phillip, his new life on the Australian mainland overshadowed by the memory of a body in a box.

The records aren't very helpful.



ney set up and took notice.

Sydney was definitely in Roberts' corner.

Read the "Port Phillip Patriot".

"The prisoner appeared deeply affected, sobbing bitterly throughout the examination and alternately kissing his two young children, by whom he was attended.

"He was remanded in order that



# Death FOR A PENNY

Toliver was a careful man with money—except other people's. That juggling was his downfall.

By MORRIS COOPER

ILLUSTRATED BY DICK SEALY

JULY 1948

**M**IKE TOLIVER still had the first penny he'd ever earned.

That had been when he was seven and the kid he had beaten up to get it was five. For a long time Mike had been afraid to spend it. But the beat-up little kid hadn't been sure who Mike was, and after a while Mike felt safe and secure with the penny hidden where no one would find it. When he had saved a few pennies and grown a little bolder, the penny became a sort of lucky piece.

By the time Mike was thirty he had lots of money. He liked the look and the feel of money, and he hated to spend any of it. He'd savings for houses over the price of something he wanted. Over the roll top desk in his office was a framed motto: *A Penny Saved is a Penny Earned.*

Mike Toliver was a miser. Not big time, because he was afraid to take too large a gamble; but enough money came in to make him happy.

The man who sat in his office now, seeing Mike, couldn't keep his eyes still. They rolled around in their sockets like spinning marbles, and Mike began to feel nervous himself.

"Quit your worrying," Mike said. "There ain't nothing to be afraid of here."

"The cops," said the man. "I want to be out of town before they find me."

Mike pulled a cigarette carefully, a

sheet of paper spread on his desk to catch any fallen tobacco crumbs. "So you'll bother you here." He laughed contentedly. "They got their cameras, but they won't never pinched anything on me."

"Okay. Okay." The man started to crack his knuckles. "How much will you give me for the Gallagher diamond?"

Mike put the hand-rolled cigarette in his mouth and touched a match to it. "When will you bring the stuff?"

"I won't bring it. You'll have to come after it."

Mike Toliver inhaled deeply. "What's the smile? Figure maybe on

couching me for the dough and then doing a fast follow-out with the diamond?"

"No." The man stood up. "Can't you see I've got the jitters? I don't intend to go roving around this town alone. As soon as you bring the money, I'm gone to beat it."

"I'll give you fifteen hundred for it," Mike said.

"Fifteen hundred?" The man looked at Mike. "It's worth a hundred grand."

Mike nodded his head. "On the open market, maybe. But TB have to keep it till it cashes off, and then have it cut up."

For a long time he squirmed, until finally his struggles stopped. Even then Mike did not let go of neck.



"You'll still get fifty grand out of the deal."

Mike nodded his head again, complacently. "And you'll have fifteen hundred for a fast getaway."

The man looked at Mike. He spoke slowly. "You're a cut."

"You can always go to somebody else and try to peddle that rock," Mike suggested.

There was a bitter edge to the little man's voice. "There's nobody else who would touch that stone right now, and you know it."

"You should have been more careful."

"But the star saw me. If I'd have left him alone, he'd have had the cops on my tail in an hour."

Mike dry-washed his chin. "So you left your prints instead. Smart boy."

The man started for the door. "I'm holding up at Barney's joint on River Street. The last door on the right, first floor."

"I know the place," said Mike. "I want the dough in small notes and no tricks."

"There won't be any. You know I wouldn't last long in this business if I ratified."

Mike called to him as he started to open the door. "You keep your mouth shut. I don't want anybody to know I'm mixed up in this. It'll see you around midnight."

Mike grimmed to himself when the door closed. It looked like the start of a very profitless bit of business.

The hallway was dark and noisy, but it wasn't the first time Mike had been in this particular house, and he walked over the threshold carpet without hesitation. When he came to the last door on the right, he paused and listened for a moment. Then he knocked softly.

A soft, strong sound came through the panel, and then a hoarse whisper: "Who is it?"

"Mike. Open up."

He heard the scrape of the bolt;

and then the door edged open. The man stepped aside to let Mike enter.

The thin light from an uncovered bulb threw a yellow glow over the cheaply furnished room and left deep shadows in the corners.

"Did you bring the dough?"

"Let's see the stone." Mike's voice was sages. He brought out a wallet.

The man pulled a small wadded-up piece of newspaper from his pocket and opened it. Mike snatched it in his hands.

Even under the cheap light, the Gallagher diamond gleamed like a thing alive. He held out a hand.

"The death test" snarled the man.

Mike handed over a sheet of notes. His eyes drank in the beauty of the stone while the little man counted the money.

"What's the idea?" the man demanded. He held the notes in his hand. "There's only a grand here."

Mike nodded. "I took a risk coming down here."

"We agreed on fifteen hundred."

"I changed my mind."

The man shoved the handful of money at Mike. "The deal is off. Give me back that rock."

"Don't be foolish," said Mike. "A good man takes you a long way."

"It was supposed to be fifteen hundred." The man was scathful. "Wait till the boys hear about this double-cross of yours. Your name'll be mud."

"You won't say anything."

"No?" The man stood squarely in front of Mike. "I'll yell till even the coppers can hear me."

Mike's hands closed furiously on the man's throat. For a long time he squeezed, until finally his strength slipped. Then, then, Mike did not let go at once.

When he did finally release his grasp, the body slipped to the floor. Mike made certain he was dead, and then he picked up the fallen money.

A man was standing on the sidewalk when Mike left Barney's house



"Sounds like a good approach...How did she react to it?"

He started, and then he saw that it was a blind beggar.

Mike walked over and stood in front of the blind man. He waved his hands suddenly in front of the man's eyes but there wasn't even a tiny flicker of motion. Shaken, Mike started to turn, when the beggar said, "Buy a pencil, money?"

Mike started to speak, changed his mind. Blind men generally had good eyes and he didn't want anyone remembering his voice. He fished around in his pocket and came up with a couple of pennies, which he dropped onto the cap. He hesitated a moment, then took a pencil. It would save him buying one next time.

Mike slept in his office that night. He was still half asleep when the knock came on his door.

Sergeant Alver walked into Mike's office.

Mike grinned at him. "Kind of early for a social call, isn't it?"

"This isn't a social call."

Mike sat at his desk and started to roll a cigarette.

"Shorty Ogle was killed last night." "Yeah?" Mike struck a match.

"Strangled to death," Alver was poking around the office. "Where were you last night?"

Mike smiled. "What now?"

"Oh, my second readingite."

"Here. Fast asleep."

Alver picked up Mike's coat and began unbuttoning the buttons on the desk. "What time did you go to sleep?"

"I can't say for certain," Mike inhaled deeply. "But I didn't leave this office after ten o'clock."

Alver looked at Mike. "We'll find the Gallagher diamond if it's here."

"So I'll take a rap for being a fence."

"We're not that simple," said Alver.

"Why not? And who says I get the racket?"

"I do," Alver felt around the desk. The searching fingers brushed a knick-

and a small drawer shot out.

Mike looked at him, and shrugged his shoulders. "You were lucky to find that drawer."

"Uh-huh. We've known about it for a long time. One of our stooges tapped us off."

Mike stood up. "Gonna you've got me this time?"

"Sit down," Alver said. "There's no hurry."

Mike sat down.

"When did you get this stone?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

Alver shook his head. "We've got Shorty down at hospitalities. He says Ogle showed it to him around eleven o'clock last night."

"He's nuts," said Mike.

"I don't think so."

Mike shut his mouth. "I won't say no more until I see my lawyer."

"Better get a good one."

Mike was silent.

"Ogle told Shorty you were coming to buy this stone."

Mike laughed. "You can't believe everything you hear. Let's get this over with. I'll take a chance on a stolen goods rap."

"I'll be a murderer rap you'll have to beat."

Mike started to roll another cigarette. "My word's just as good as Shorty's."

"We've got another witness. A blind man."

Mike looked up. "A blind man?" Sergeant Alver held up the long yellow pencil he had taken from Mike's coat. He pointed to some thin lettering. Mike read the words: *Blind Sam.*

"So what? I could've got that pencil last week or last month."

"No, Mike!" Alver put the pencil in his pocket, and pulled out a pair of cuffs. "Blind Sam not those pants about five years ago."

He clicked the cuffs on Mike's wrists. "Last night was the first time anybody ever took a pencil from him."

# GENERAL FICTION

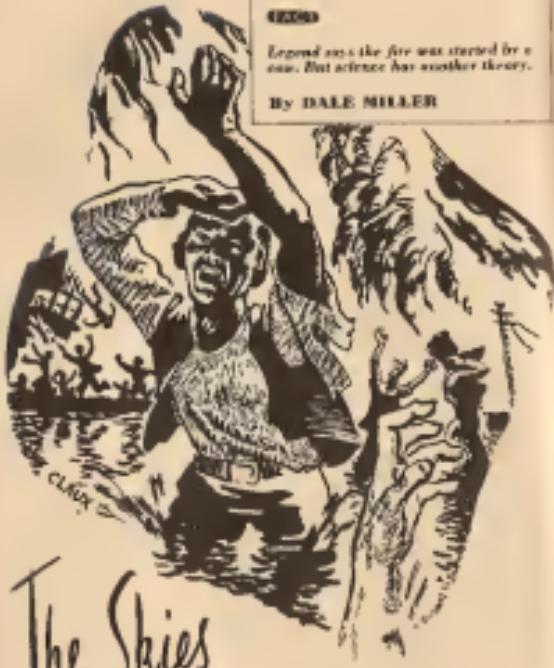


"This book! The art of Stripling... the voice always coming off!"

LEGEND

Legend says the fire was started by a cow. But science has another theory.

By DALE MILLER



## The Skies RAINED FIRE

THE Devon family had only recently moved into their new home on Alexa Street. They were proud of it. They had no way of knowing it would be the funeral pyre in which all of them would die in agony.

Devon, his wife, and their two sons sat down to dinner that night of October 8, 1871. One of the boys remarked on the high wind that had sprung up suddenly, that blustered outside the wooden walls of the house and had the rafters cracking

"A good house, sure," Devon said. "It will take more than a high wind to shift her. We might lose a few shingles from the roof, but that's all."

Yes, the Devons were proud of their house. And the wind did not blow any shingles from the roof that night. Fire had something much worse in store for the unfortunate Devons.

Members of the family were halfway through their meal when they first heard the sound, an angry crackling sound, and then felt the blast of heat that simultaneously scorched their flesh and chilled their hearts. It was several moments before they realized that the roof of the house was on fire, and in those moments the walls flared into sudden flames.

Devon rushed to the door and tried to wrench it open, but already heat had twisted the frame and jammed the door so that there was no escape this way.

With the fear of death in her heart, Mrs. Devon did what many people have done in similar circumstances. She ran about the room, gathering in her arms household goods of little value compared with the fire she was watching.

The tempest used claws to smash the windows. With these broken, they sensed the mother and pitched her out one of these openings, and started to scramble after her.

But the Devon family had been snatched for death from the moment the first tongue of flame licked their shingled room. Their rush for safety was made too late. As if caught in a blast from hell, the house blazed and fell in a fury heap, and the swift roar of flames overrode the screams of the doomed people.

The Devons were but four of the

two hundred and fifty people who died in Chicago that night of the great fire, their home but one of the hundreds that suddenly and for no reason burst into flames, one of the thousands burned to the ground as the fire spread.

The legend of that night of hell-caust has laid the blame at the foot of Mrs. Patrick O'Leary's cow, who is supposed to have kicked over a lantern while the good lady was milking her.

Truth as that the cow seems to have had little to do with the great fire that burned Chicago.

Consider the account of the night, written by a Chicago dramatist after the fire had wiped out a city, killed two hundred and fifty people, left one hundred thousand homeless, and caused seventy million pounds worth of damage.

"The first thing we know that night, on alarm came in that O'Leary's barn was burning. That fire was soon under control. The next thing they came and told us that St. Paul's Church, about two squares north, was on fire. We checked that out, and then the next thing we knew the fire was at Barbican's planing mill. The thing just went on from there. Fire started and grew all over the city. Chicago was a city built mostly of wood, and it burned like tinder that October night of '71."

That is the beginning of the end of the legend, quite apart from the natural question of what was Mrs. O'Leary doing, milking a cow by lantern light? The story does completely when it is realized that the same night there were fires over seven of America's mid-western states, in some twenty towns and villages besides the city of Chicago. Illinois.

Because these communities were

still, the damage to property was less than in the more publicized Chicago fire, but the loss of human life at Peshtigo, Wisconsin, far surpasses, made the former affair seem like a crack-the-night hardware. Over four hundred as many people were lost in the flames that destroyed Peshtigo as were lost in the city fire of the same night.

October 8 fell on a Sunday that year. Most of the two thousand citizens of Peshtigo were in their three hundred and fifty houses when the town caught fire. There had been a strange sky-glow during late afternoon. Then a weird like thunder was heard.

Next were out-of-town explosions of gas rising from the swamps around the town, and then the forests caught fire and the flames ran through the pines and, propelled by a fierce gale, engulfed the town. Houses exploded in flames. The inhabitants of Peshtigo ran for their lives, but less than a thousand of them won the race with death.

Those who had come through the first blast of heat ran for the river bordering the town. The very air they breathed was strained, lungs seared on fire, and many fell and died of suffocation or of lung collapse.

Precious, making futile attempts to fight the fire, found their horses falling to sub in their heads, while water in the tanks turned to steam and the horses were killed, the fire rambunctious burned to cinders. Few of those gallant men survived.

The river was filled with people, many of them badly burned but standing upright, many of them floundering dead in the water. Those who had fled from both sides of town to what they believed was the safety of a wooden bridge across the river found that the bridge turned to nothing under their feet, dropping the struggling mass of humanity to the water below.

A crowd of refugees sheltering in large brick buildings were at bricks in a kiln, only that flesh cannot stand such a degree of heat as they were exposed to.

That was Peshtigo, Wisconsin, on the night of the Chicago fire. When dawn came the heat had faded enough to allow the survivors to come out from their places of refuge. Eleven hundred and fifty of the town's two thousand were dead, and the town no longer existed. All that remained was an expanse of black wasteland.

And this scene, in greater or lesser detail, was being more than duplicated in other parts of the American mid-west.

Forest fires swept across the entirety of the state of Michigan. Two of the state's largest towns suffered great damage and loss of life. The lumber centre of Menominee was wiped out. The town of Holland was two-thirds destroyed and two hundred farms around the town reduced to bare burnt-over earth.

Because of the wide spread of the fires over the state of Michigan, an exact estimate of the loss has not been compiled, but the dead were up in the hundreds. Stretches of forest and of open country amounting to thousands of square miles were left bare, and many thousands of people were homeless.

In the state of Minnesota there were fifty dead, and again large tracts laid waste. Indians suffered no loss of life, but considerable damage to their forests and plains. Forest fires swept the Dakota. Sections of Iowa burned as if a gigantic blowtorch had scoured them.

The unnameable speed of those fires



coming to seven states on the evening of the same day as the Chicago fire, gave the direct lie to the O'Leary's barn legend. No one now could have started, no one being could have caused such widespread devastation.

The real cause remains as the most unusual灾害 of the world of ours. But there is one theory to explain it, and this seems the most possible and likely solution to the problem.

If the theory is correct, then the houses really did run fire that fatal day.

Twenty-five years earlier a comet, named after its discoverer, Biela, had passed close to earth and had split an encircling earth's gravitational force. This comet, expected to reappear around the year 1882, had failed to do so. It did appear late in 1872, after the fire but it was noted that the tail of the comet was missing.

One suggestion is that the gaseous tail was drifting through space and that the mid-western American section of earth was close enough to it to be affected, on the night of October 8, 1871.

Some men of science held other similar ideas. In a summary of possible causes, a newspaper of the time stated, "We have the statement of astronomers that there has been an explosion in the sun, and that several comets are in danger of losing their tails by their proximity to that orb."

So that whether from Biela's comet or some other, the consensus of scientific opinion was that the part of the earth's surface had come particularly close to such a gaseous tail. Spontaneous combustion from a mixture of gases had followed.

The point in favor of this theory is that wherever the fire struck there

were eyewitness reports of buildings suddenly exploding from within and then bursting into flames.

No ordinary degree of fire could have, as most of these did, melted huge blocks of building stone, showed blue and green colors as well as fire-red, or burned back against the side that should have blown it in the opposite direction.

No ordinary fire would have killed the Peoria man who was later found, his clothes white and his body unsoaked with water in his pockets fused out of shape.

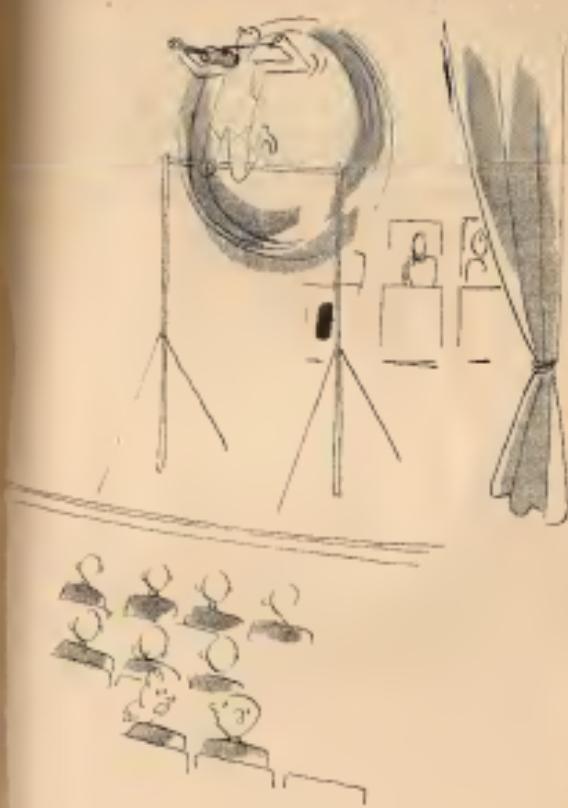
And what kind of fire would have, as happened in Chicago, melted into a solid mass the several hundred tons of pig-iron ingots piled on the bank of the river, several hundred yards from the nearest buildings?

On the Great Lakes that night steamer passengers saw islands up to a mile from the nearest shore suddenly run to flame. At Peoria a house was taken by the wind and lifted high into the air where it caught fire and fell, blazing.

In view of these facts, the comet-tail theory seems the most probable one. This being the case, the holocaust might as easily have occurred at any other portion of the earth's surface, might as easily recur at some future time. The chances against this are large enough to be Considering, but they are chances.

Earth is a body in free space where other bodies move. And these other bodies sometimes go off the track. The amazing fact that the tail of a comet brushed an entire region of the American continent one night and that region upwards of two thousand miles, and caused the destruction of a great city, many towns, numerous villages and settlements.

October 8, 1871, was a bad night for some of the people on this planet.



"Do you suppose he plays roulette?"

# SLAY 'EM

with these



where

Lady's Hat: Headwear with elaborate trimmings.

Woman like a strong and silent man, they think he's lame.

Faking it: A situation entirely surrounded by lies in old clothes.

Communist: One who assumes every time Stalin likes swell.

The mass exerts a great influence over both the fad and the nation.

Top Hover charge

A man should be master in his own home or know the reason why. Men and men usually know the reason why.

There are two periods in a man's life when he doesn't understand a woman—before marriage and after marriage.

Happiness is like your shadow, you can't get nearer by chasing it.

Speculating: The art of being dumb in all subjects but one.

There was the old maid who considered that Leap Year was the time to make the bachelors skip.

Men still die with their boots on but they're usually on the accelerator.

Many people live alone and like it but most of them live alone and look it.

The most thing about adams is that it needn't be taken.

Love conquers all things except poverty and the toothache.

Saying is dead. Thousands attend its funeral nightly.

An intelligence officer is a man with a node in his head.

As long as a woman can look ten years younger than her daughter she is perfectly satisfied.

# A DEVIL DOONE ADVENTURE



"The WALL OF DEATH"

The Adventures of **DEVIL DOONE** By R. Goldson  
*Gold.*



**THE WALL of death**

DRAWN  
by  
**M.F.S.  
HORN**

DEVIL JIM DOONE, GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER, BACK FROM THE NEW GUINEA JUNGLES, RELAXES AMONG THE BIG CRES OFF PORT SHELTON, MECCA OF BIG-GAME FISHERMEN



AFTER A SUCCESSFUL TRIP DOONE'S HUNTED LAUNCH MAKES BACK FOR PORT WHEN



SHE ENGINE SPLUTTERS AND BREAKS DOWN COMPLETELY...



NIGHT FALLS AS THE MEN WORK ON THE SHAKED ENGINE. THEN FROM OUT OF THE GLOOM APPEARS ANOTHER CRAFT... BLACKED OUT AND MYSTERIOUS



HOURS LATER, THE SKIPPER GETS THE ENGINE GOING AND THE LAUNCH LIMPS INTO PORT. THE MYSTERY OF THE OTHER LAUNCH IS STILL UNAVOIDED



PUZZLING AT THE MYSTERY-CRAFT'S REFUSAL TO OFFER HELP, DEVIL VOLVED THE ONLY EXPLANATION:



AS SUDDENLY AS IT CAME, THE STRANGE LAUNCH SICKENS OFF WITH OUT EVEN OFFERING TO HELP

COME BACK... SHE'S GONE! AND THEY DIDN'T EVEN TELL US IT'S NICE FRIENDLY FOLK!



"THERE WAS NO REASON FOR IT TO GROWL OFF LIKE THAT," SAYS DOONE. "NEXT MORNING," DID YOU RECOGNIZE HER?"

COULD'VE BEEN ANYONE, DEV. IT WAS TOO DARK TO SEE MUCH. HERE'S LUCK, ANYWAY!



LATER, STROLLING ON THE BEACH DOONE SEES SOMETHING... VERY EASY TO LOOK AT!



DEVIL'S TECHNIQUE DISRESPECTS WITH THE  
FORMALITIES AS THE GIRL PREPARES TO  
LEAVE THE BEACH... AND SO MADELINE  
LONG HIBERTS... A SATANIC CHARACTER!

ALLOW ME  
... PLEASE!



RETURNING TO THE HOTEL, DOUGIE  
LEARNED THAT MADELINE IS SECRETARY  
TO MRS. STANDISH, A RICH OLD LADY  
IN PORT SHELDON FOR HER HURVES

SEE YOU IN THE LOUNGE IN ABOUT  
THIRTY MINUTES  
TILL SIX  
LATER,



SOON, IN THE LOUNGE... I'M WORKED  
DEVIL. IT'S NEARLY NOON AND MRS.  
STANDISH IS STILL ASLEEP... IT'S NOT  
LIKE HER TO SLEEP SO LATE!

MAYBE IT'S JUST... HALLO,  
HERE COMES  
THE MAID!



MISS LONG, THE MAID CANNOT AWAKEN  
MRS. STANDISH! COULD YOU PLEASE  
COME UPSTAIRS AT ONCE?



THE OLD LADY LIES IN HER BED, WHITE,  
MOTIONLESS... AND FRIGHTENING!

DOUGIE MAKES A SWIFT EXAMINATION  
... AND KNOWS THE WORST!

WHERE DEAD, I'M  
AFRAID, MADELINE!  
I'D BETTER PHONE  
THE POLICE!



AFTER THIS LONG "GIRLS DETECTIVE" HAD  
HEARD THE POLICE DOCTOR SAY HE  
BELIEVED MRS. STANDISH DIED FROM  
AN OVERDOSE OF PHENOBARBITAL  
SALTS, NOW... DO YOU KNOW OF ANY  
REASON WHY SHE SHOULD SUICIDE?



TELL ME, MISS LONG... DO YOU KNOW  
WHY SHE CHEATED THE TABLETS? DID  
SHE USE A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION OR  
DO SHE HAVE... SOME OTHER  
SUPPLY SOURCE?



NO, EXCEPT THAT SHE GLUTTERED EARLY  
FROM MORNING THAT WAS WHY SHE  
HAD THOSE TABLETS.



MADELINE SAYS THAT MRS. STANDISH  
HAD GOT A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION AT  
FIRST, BUT AFTERWARDS THE DOCTOR  
HAD REVOKED IT.

SINCE THEN  
SHE'S BEEN GETTING THEM WITHOUT A  
PRESCRIPTION FROM A SMALL  
CHEMIST IN THE TOWNSHIP.  
BONNIE, I THINK IT WAS...



DOUGIE AND DETECTIVE HURD PAY A  
VISIT ON JAMES SPECIOS, CHEMIST.  
THESE WONT BE A MISTAKE, GENTLEMEN?  
I DON'T EVEN KNOW A  
MRS. STANDISH!

Third Sleeping Tab  
Death in Three Weeks

DOUGIE READS ON: "IS THERE AN ILLEGAL  
TRAFFIC IN DANGEROUS DRUGS?"  
THREE PEOPLE HAVE NOW DIED FROM  
DRUGS WHICH THEY OBTAINED WITHOUT  
A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION...."

MEANWHILE, IN A DOCKSIDE BACK-ROOM... "I TELL YOU WE CAN'T TAKE SHIPMENT OF THE NEXT LOT, FAPPERS! THE DEATH OF THAT OLD WOMAN STRIDED UP A FEW OF TROUBLE!" CAPTAIN CAPONE WHOOZIT! "BROOKS... BROOKS IS ABOUT, TOO!"



GRAB, BOSS... BUT BROOKS AND ROGUE WILL RUMBLE TO SNIF. ROGUE KNOWS TOO MUCH AND THAT BROOKS GUY COULD SNIAT... ANYTHING!



SHADES OF HIS DOOM, CHEMIST BROOKS SLEEPS SOUNDLY AT THE BACK OF HIS SHOP.



HAMMER'S INSTRUCTIONS LEAVE NO ROOM FOR FURTHER ARGUMENT.



HAMMER ASKS IF THAT BROOKS AND THE LITTLE CHEMIST ARE TOO DANGEROUS TO GO ON LIVING. HE CHUCKLES....



AND PAUSED SHUTTLING... AND CROSSED INTO THE LONGEST SLEEP OF ALL!



BROOKS' BODY IS HUNGLED DOWN TO MEAL, FOR REPOON, AT NEAR...



IN HIS ELEMENT, DOING JITSU HAND AND FEET... HIS DEFENCE BECOMES ATTACK.



SET SHAP, FRIMMIE OR TUCK IT TILLS MORNING, IN VIEW OF HAMMER'S PROXIMITY AND THE ATTACK ON BROOKS. HAMMIE, THE GANG MUST BE SHOVED AT OR PEELED.

(PORT SHELTON)  
THE DRUGS HEART

GONE IN MY LAUNCH, FRIMMIE. IT'S MY GUIDE THAT THAT CRAFT WE MET THE NIGHT WE BROKE DOWN HURTS TO HIGH WAITING DURING DALLA'S CONTACT AND MEDICO. OUR LAUNCH FOR IT.



... WHILE REVENGEING AN EVENING SKILL BY THE REARFOOT, HAS BEEN SET OFF BY MORE OF HAMMER'S GAMIN



... AND THE SWARDED KILLERS BEAT A DISGRANNING RETREAT IN AWAITING DAY



FRIMMIE, AGAIN DEVI, TO FURY A LONG HAND AGAINST THE GUNGLERS.

IF WE CUFF 'EM NOT WITH COPS, ITLL SHOW OUTWARDLY IT'S A ONE-MAN JOB, AND YOU'RE

THE ONLY ONE I KNOW WHO COULD HANDLE IT.



SHOAL AND HAMBERS PUT OUT TO SEA IN SHOAL'S LAUNCH, ON YET ANOTHER DRUG RUN...

"THIS MUST BE THE LAST JOB FROM POSE AKBELON, SHOAL. WE CAN'T RIDE IT FROM NOW ON—WELL HAVE TO FIND A BASE FURTHER NORTH."



DOOMIE AND MADELINE WATCH THE BASICALLY CAPTAIN'S LAUNCH RETURN FROM ITS MIDNIGHT REDEZVOUS.

"THAT'S HIS LAUNCH ALL RIGHT, MADELINE! THE DRUGS MUST BE ABOARD NOW!"



HAMBERS AND SHOAL DRIVE OFF, LITTLE ENDING THAT DEVIL'S BIG CAR IS FOLLOWING AT A SAFE DISTANCE,



AT A CERTAIN TIME AND PLACE, THE MYSTERY LAUNCH APPEARS AGAIN AND MOVES UP TO CAPTAIN SHOAL'S CLIFF.

"HURRY IT UP, YOU LUMBERS! I WANTA GET THIS JOB OVER!"



DOOMIE IS RIGHT—UNIVERSAL, THEY WATER THE BOAT DOCK AND ITS CARGO LOADED SWIFTLY INTO A WAITING VAN.



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN THE VAN TURNS SUDDENLY OFF THE ROAD AND JOINS THE TENTS AND CARAVANS OF A TRAVELLING CIRCUS.



"SO...A CIRCUS AS THE DISTRIBUTING AGENT? NOT A BAD IDEA, MADELINE!"

"Hey! I've barked my shin again!"



PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON  
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF MEDICAL DRESSINGS



*Sovereign Hats...*  
*fit for a King*

ANOTHER DEDICATED TOP DOG PRODUCT

THE LION'S GROWL DROPS THE OTHERS FROM THE CARAVAN AS DOOGIE STANES MENACED BY THE SHARLING BEAST. IT LOOKS AS IF THE GAME IS UP!



I HAVE AN EXCELLENT WAY OF DISPOSING OF YOU, MY HOLLOW FRIEND! YOU HAVE HEARD OF THE WALL OF DEATH, NO? MARCH!



FORCED INTO THE CIRCULAR PIT DOONE HAS ONLY SECONDS IN WHICH TO ACT. HE SEES A SPEED-BIKE LEFT FROM A PREVIOUS PERFORMANCE



YOU ARE UNLUCKY TONIGHT MR DOOGIE. FOR YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE IN PLACE ALIVE!



DOOGIE IS ESCORTED TO A BIG MARQUEE ENCLOSING A HIGH CYLINDRICAL PIT. A VIDEOMAN ATTRACTION USED BY A TRAM OF TRICK MOTOR-CYCLES.



WITH A ROAR, THE LION JUMPS INTO THE PIT, BUT DOOGIE, KICKING THE MOTOR-CYCLE INTO FULL-THROATED LIFE, HAS ALREADY STARTED A SIZZLY CRUISE ROUND THE "WALL OF DEATH!"



## Living rooms now have a *New Look*



MAILED 10

Although Masonite paneling has been greatly improved, it is important that you see and hear our difference in purchasing all the Masonite you require.

MASONITE CORPORATION  
(AUSTRALIA) LIMITED,

SALES AND SERVICE DIVISION, 301-303 Sturt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.  
GPO Box 1000, Melbourne, 22 Queen Street, Wilsons, 11 Clarence Street,  
Adelaide.



SO I'LL GET THAT  
CAR OUT O' THAT PIG,  
LION-MAN... AND  
NO FUNNY STUFF OR  
YOU REMIND IT, SIR?

AH... BUT  
YES PLEASE!  
I DO AS  
YOU SAY!



NICE GOING,  
KID! LET'S HAVE A  
DATE WITH A DRINK!

WELL, I'VE  
JUST MET  
A LION.  
DEVIL, SO I  
MAY JUST BE WELL  
KIND UP WITH A WOLF.

ENGLISH RECORDINGS  
of the world's greatest classics

now available for the  
Australian music-lover

Here is the news that every music-lover has been waiting for. English recordings of the great studio classics interpreted by soloists, artists are now arriving in Australia. Your FAVOURITE concertos and famous masterworks played by the world's greatest conductors and instrumentalists and singers will now be available in recordings which will delight you with their clarity and fidelity of tone.

AND THESE BREAKTHROUGH RECORDINGS  
BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST  
INTERPRETERS WILL ONLY BEGIN.

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LTD. (ENG. IN ENGLAND)  
COLUMBIA GRAMOPHONE (AUSTRALIA) LTD.  
THE PARLOPHONE COMPANY LTD. (INC. IN ENGLAND)  
HORNBLUM, N.S.W.

ER 344

# MAN

## on the rimrock

By GIFF CHESHIRE

*Mace had a job to do: to save a hundred immigrants from death on the Oregon trail.*

AT this hour the floating sun seamed a hell rotting on the clamorously roared plain of the rimrock against a copper sky. Because he was watching it, Mace Goodnight chanced to draw the man up there. He rode half a length behind Lovelace and the girl. When he gently lifted the rifle from his saddle belt, the man saluted from behind a small rock and bound-

ed toward the sharp break directly above him.

There was small protection on the high bluffs-tops up there, and it was the show of peace that deceived Mace. He was a dead shot. Lifting the rifle, he aimed and fired. The man sprawled out flat on the talus and did not rise.

Lovelace's name means, for he was a riding troubadour, named in mad-

please. The three horses shivered nervously on the flat below the rim. Mace peeped his mount toward the foot of the talus, leaped down and started climbing. He had dropped the rifle and his .45 was in his hand. Repeating a shot from above, he took what cover he could. There was no shot. He reached the top and now he had put in a hasty one. There was a swelled, bloody hole in the back of the man's matted head.

Mace lifted him and, half sliding, carried him down to the flat. Lovelace and Nancy Marlow had swung down, and in the distance Mace could see the living dust of the emigrant train. There was a look of horror on the girl's face, and Val Lovelace stared at Mace with surprise and

"You vicious, cold-blooded beast!" Nancy cried, in a horrified voice.

sheer speculation mixed in his deep brown eyes.

"Why, you shot him in cold blood!" Nancy shrieked.

Mace had left the dead man on the sandy earth, and now he looked at him closely. The stiff face was stern and unbroken. The glazed eyes were too glassy, and it was a predator's smile. A man off the back trails, who had been spying on them. Mace swung his attention to the garnet still slanted across Lovelace's broad chest. Sometimes Lovelace rode with it, stroking and staring at his rich harness, and sometimes not.

"A white man with decent intentions wouldn't factor behind a rock to watch us pass."

"You didn't even give him a chance to fight back!" Nancy raged. "Do you enjoy cold-blooded killing?"

Mace let out a breath that was



almost a sigh. "McLain, he was trying to get away. In ten seconds more he would've made it. He didn't want a fight. He didn't dare to be seen, but when he was he had important business that told him to fight his shack. McLain, he's an outlaw, and your father's talked too much."

"Heresy!" snapped Lovelace. "A shaggy, vicious attempt to impress Nancy!"

"Mobile you better save your voice for your pretty singing," said Mae. It was a moment of deadly tension. "That's what you bought it along for, wasn't it?" That half is he is. The instrument was light in colour, and would have been plainly visible from the rim. It could have spoken volumes to this dead man. Mae had gambled everything and killed the man because he believed it had.

For an instant Val Lovelace hung in indecision, dark thoughts working behind the mask of his deceptively amiable eyes. He was nearly as tall as Mae and a little broader. He had a soft-spoken, elusive harshness, a wealth of soft wavy brown hair always slightly combed so that its headstrong days were best displayed. He gave Mae a sharp appraising and, turning, helped Nancy to mount. He owing on to his own horse, and they left toward the wagons at a stretched-out trot.

With no audience, Mae let out a real laugh. He had learned to hate killing in the war, but there were times when it was necessary. For several days now the original trail, so clearly discerned by the portly Vincent Harlow, had been following the Central Oregon Emigrant Trail, across the endless rolling desert. It was pointed now toward deeply gorged Crooked River and Barney Prince's new settlement a day's travel beyond, before the swing across the new route over the high Cascades range.

A man driven by vanity, Vincent

Harlow had warned Mae ever since he joined the town east of Grand Island. His clothes and expensive outfit proclaimed him for a rich man, and his laconic talk made it doubly certain that nobody guessed the fact. In evening songs or small talk on the trail, he liked to term himself a capitalist. The Oregon Country needed a man of his cut, he implied. This with the inventive way he displayed his ample funds told any thinking man that he carried considerable wealth with him.

Twice Mae Goodright had spoken a warning, and twice had been put in his place with a heavy stomp. That alone had bothered Mae still. It was Val Lovelace who had lost the situation urgency.

It was a strange thing for a man to undergo twice to the far West. Mae believed that Lovelace did not recall their other meeting at the relatives' when Mae had been roamed in Nebraska territory since the war. Being a man who rarely forgot the features and manner and small circumlocutions of another, he was certain he had seen Lovelace with another party the season before. It was conceivable that a man could find reason for returning east then heading out again, but Lovelace surely insisted that it was his first time out.

Not until he had spotted the man, new deal, hidden lurch on the moccasin had Mae seen through it with compelling clarity. He recalled now that Lovelace had swerved in the saddle, making the guitar clearly visible in the sun, turning back again a few seconds before Mae had fired his rifle. Mae knew it had been a signal. The charming, inviolate Lovelace was making it a practice to attach himself to trains in which he selected plunder.

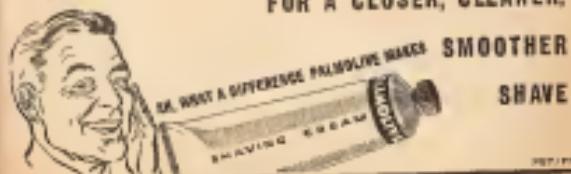
He had outriders posted in wild reaches such as this, and his patter-playing in the saddle had been his means of identifying himself to them

# PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

*overcomes the problem  
men face every day!*

## PALMOLIVE'S 5 POINTS FOR A BETTER SHAVE

1. Moist, rich, soothing lather.
2. Softens over the toughest beard.
3. Makes the work of a razor much easier.
4. Gives a close, long-lasting shave.
5. . . . and it's very economical.



and conveying the information that the train was ripe for their pocket, that he would be waiting for them and claim his part.

Moss responded well, from the added elevation, now that the wagons were drawing nearer. He would have to borrow a shovel from one of the framers on the train and bury the dead guy. At this advanced stage of western civilization, tools were well established, and no grades were required. It was like Vincent Harlow to have more capable men than him than captains. It be musted as his daughter had, see Moss Goodnight was going to be in an uncomfortable position.

Moss took to meet the slow-moving train, for the first time questioning the wisdom of his decision to move west. Yet he was an unusually restless nature, and he was no stranger to the problem. When he was fifteen he had lost both the parents by a single epidemic. For many years his Uncle John Goodnight had roamed on the Rockies, from the headwaters of the Missouri down to Santa Fe. Through the industry had been developing rapidly since the early forties John had kept on because he knew no other trade.

He had taken his nephew, and Moss Goodnight had grown up to the ways of the wilderness and frontier. Then had come the war between the states and Moss, a tinsmith, had enlisted in the Union Army. When he returned, he had found that John Goodnight was dead. Moss had carried out at the trail, then, and for three years had run a miffing station for the thousands of wagons on the Overland. He had prospered, but nevertheless had given in his spade and gotten an unexpected chance to sell out, he had accepted and joined the next passenger train for Oregon. It had been this one.

Three men rode out ahead of the train and as they approached, Moss

saw it was Lovelace again, with Vincent Harlow and Colby Tracy, a deer and silent former. He saw from his manner that Harlow was excited. Moss rolled a smoke and waited, annoyance turning him quickly.

"What's this, Goodnight?" Harlow shouted, as they rode up. "What this I hear about you shooting some man?"

"You mean to have it clear enough?" snapped Moss. "I shot a man."

"But why? Just because some fellow happens to look at you, you kill him? An outright criminal act, sir, and I won't tolerate it in my train."

"What do you think I do?" asked Moss, letting cigarette smoke drift out of his mouth with the words.

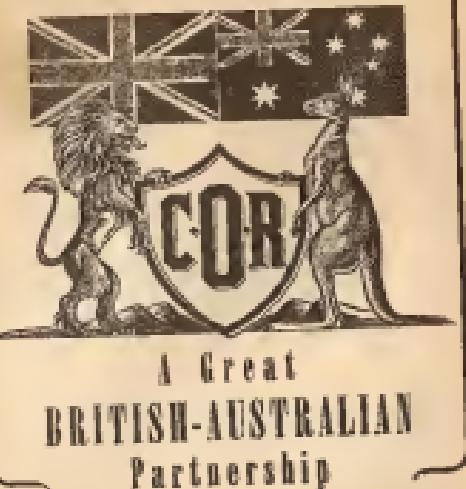
"We're going to try you and we're going to shoot you, Goodnight," said Val Lovelace.

Moss shuddered. "I'm being tortured now because of the likes of you, Vincent Harlow," he said slowly. "You show-off fool, you're in danger. From your smooth pal, there, Val Lovelace. And the man I killed isn't the only one he's got up powder. They'll be watching your outfit close now. Somewhere Lovelace'll get his message across. If you want to clear house, Harlow, that's where you ought to start."

Moss turned his horse dismally and rode on toward the train. He got a shovel and returned to the dead man and buried him as the forty-wagon train pulled past. From the census sheet he knew that the news had spread throughout the length, though suddenly turned off the trail toward where Moss worked.

Moss finished the distasteful job and let the train pass for shade. A reasonable man would pull out right now, he told himself.

If he stayed he would have to kill Val Lovelace, be killed by him or weather a probable outlaw attack. His convictions in that regard were only heightened. It was not Nancy



## THE COMMONWEALTH OIL REFINERIES LIMITED

Commonwealth Government and Anglo-Saxon Oil Co. Ltd.

THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Manufacturers of — COR FUEL • COR POWER  
KEROSENE • CORALITE LIGHTING KEROSINE •  
COR LIGHT KEROSINE • COR DIESEL  
AND FUEL OILS • COR BITUMES •  
R.P. AVIATION SPIRIT

REMEMBER IT IS DRIVING IN GOOD MOTORING

COAL GAS

STEENBERGEN  
OR COR AGENT  
CORALITE LAMP  
KEROSINE

"I love everything  
that's old—old friends,  
old times, old manners,  
old books, old wine."

—Grahame

## CHATEAU TANUNDA C. & A. HORNBY BRANDY

TUCKER & CO. PTY. LTD.  
SYDNEY

Marlow, who even yet could not set his heart pacifying that obstructed situation. There were a hundred people in the train beside the Marlowes, who would become the innocent victims of an attack. Dignately Mass moved and turned after the train.

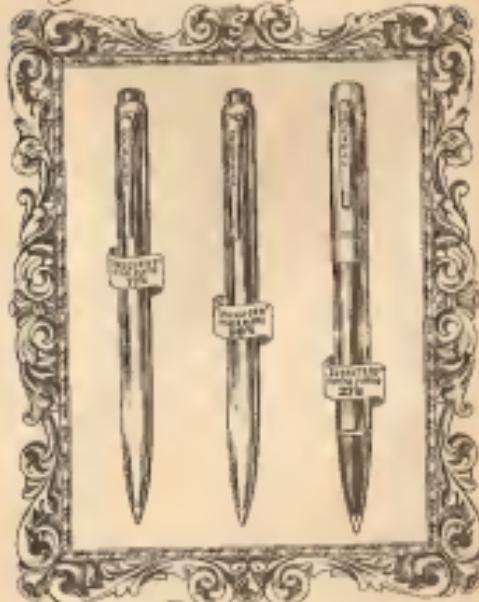
More dallyed behind the train for the rest of the afternoon, making his plans. He did not propose to leave Lovelace with the Indians, but out of no way of saving it from him. Lovelace's outlaw crew would stay under cover until the sun rose from him. The man would appear wholly benighted, falsely accused, until he felt the moment was right again. And it would be dead easy, for it was plain that Vincent Marlow trusted the man implicitly.

Yet Mass felt there was a hope that by moving quietly he could get a few of the more resolute men in the group to listen to him, and be persuaded to be on guard.

Marlow had halted the train at a point where the trail touched and skirted a creek. When Mass rode in, the men were unstrapping horses and maa, with women and children busily unpacking camping equipment. He felt their hostility instantly. Mass lowered his pack horses and led them boldly through the camp. He selected a site a few hundred yards above the uppermost wagon for his own camp.

By the time he had staked and eaten his supper and cleaned up afterward, night had come on. If Lovelace hoped to drum up a mock trial and hangings, no move was made in that direction. Mass watched the sleeping stars in wonder though. This terrain was like as much of the rest, open and rolling, broken frequently by crag rock out-sprays. A warm, sweet breeze rippled across the sun and shadows. There was one camp beyond the creek about a mile away. It struck him that Val Lovelace had probably suggested this camp site.

*Fine Australian craftsmanship*



**Scribal**  
BALL POINT PENS...MADE IN AUSTRALIA

# FAT...?



Obesity is modern man's chief worry. It is unsightly and unhealthy. Why tolerate it when you can take off pounds of unnecessary fat in a few weeks with a course of FORD'S TABLETS? A new, scientific treatment, recommended by Doctors everywhere. No dieting is necessary. Step by step, they will remove pounds of fat harmlessly from the hips, abdomen, arms and legs. A "Cromores Body writer", . . . in a few weeks I have reduced 15 pounds and my health is splendid." Generous signed testimonials can be seen.

Six weeks' supply costs 10/-; three weeks' supply, 6/- post free under plain wrapper. Obtainable at Chemists or post free from

**NOEL P. FORD**  
M.P.S. (Syd. Univ.), Chemist  
347 KING STREET, NEWTOWN  
Phone, EA 1312

He grew aware of footsteps and straightened up, hand on the grip of his gun. He saw then that it was Nancy Harlow, moving through the night toward his fire. He had intended, once the women and youngsters were in bed, to call a few plodded men beyond number and talk to them. He hadn't included Nancy in the group.

She stepped into the firelight and moved beyond him before she stopped. Then she turned. She kept her voice low. "Mae, father told me what you said about Val Lovelace. I know my father is far too much of a show-off and—well, I'd like to hear what you have that opposes 'em."

He let his gaze stray over her slim body, then he lifted his eyes to meet hers. "In the first place, the man has whom he claims he's never been out have before. I saw him last year," he said.

"There is no second, Gossack!" a sharp voice said, behind him. "We figured you'd be dangerous to take, falls! Unshod that gun belt and drop it and turn around!" It was Val Lovelace.

The glow of triumph in Nancy Harlow's eyes told Mae she had let herself be trapped like a fool. Interspersed by a woman's charms, while Val Lovelace had snuck up behind him. He recalled now how she had stopped past him, so as to turn his back toward the room again. His talk had covered Lovelace's steps as he came the short distance from the closest wagon, behind Mae's back.

She deserved the advantage Mae took of her now. Inexperienced, she had just moved, and the three of them were on a line. In this position, Lovelace could not fire at Mae without endangering her. Aware of this, Mae spun, shouting himself mad as he had slapped at his gun.

Though thrown off stride, Lovelace was deadly aim. He waited till Mae was out of line with Nancy, then

THE WORLD AGREES ON  
"GILBEY'S  
PLEASE"



DON'T SAY GIN

SAY

# GILBEY'S

THE INTERNATIONAL FAVOURITE

—

## HOW TO INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT!



### Send For Details of Home System

THE NEW HOME SYSTEM FOR YOUR INCREASED HEIGHT  
IS NOW OPENING IN THE U.S.A. AND CANADA.  
THERE ARE OVER 1000 CENTERS IN 40 COUNTRIES  
AND THERE IS NO ONE, ANYWHERE, A SIMPLER  
AND MORE EASY WAY.

This remarkable new method was put to  
good service, helping your height and  
development.

### 500 Treatises to be Given FREE!

THIS remarkable marriage will assure  
you - it will give you the pleasure to  
feel, understand, appreciate, improve  
yourself, increased health, greater  
energy, increased brain power, greater  
success in all of the moments. For a  
start with you, the author of these  
treatises FREE! To get more  
details see the October 1, 1948 issue.

### SEND NO MONEY!

Sydney Physical Institute  
Dept. N.A.  
Box 3573, G.P.O., Sydney

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

(Address the to stamp) (U.S.A.)

feet, and Maxx put an echo to close  
to the shot that the two started one.  
It was Val Lovelace who had sleepily,  
rubbed, then pushed to the  
front.

"You vicious, cold-blooded beast!"  
Nancy cried, in a horrified way.

"He's not dead, mother, but he'll  
have a sore belly for a few weeks if  
he lives." Maxx stepped forward  
quickly and picked up the gun Lovelace  
had dropped.

"Shoot me!" said Nancy, in an out-  
pour of despair. "I lost myself in  
this so as not to endanger the camp.  
If you must have human blood to be  
happy, kill me next."

"We've still your pretty mouth,"  
said Maxx. He did not like shooting  
either, but it had been unavoidable.  
Step back down the line, Nancy.  
I'm going to prove once and for all  
what blotted墨 you're all been."

She obeyed and he saw at a glance  
that she was genuinely terrified of him.  
Men had come running,  
and now they formed a circle  
around Maxx and the girl. Maxx  
felt their animosity and his own  
desolation. He knew that pleading  
would accomplish nothing. He had  
to demonstrate, to build up a big  
play on what was only a powerful  
funch. If he was wrong, had been  
wrong all along. He shivered.  
Years before he had learned that a  
man on the frontier had to rely on  
his bantam, which so often told him  
more than his outward sense.

The gun picked up Vincent Harlow  
and pointed there. The man had been  
shaken by the development, and much  
of the bluster was gone from  
him.

"Harlow!" Maxx called, "was it  
Lovelace's suggestion you make camp  
here?"

"Why, yes. Why not? It's a good  
place."

Maxx ignored her after that, turning  
his attention to men near him  
himself, though less experienced in

**Vitalis**  
is  
lengths ahead

Your first try-out  
with VITALIS will con-  
vince you it's an abso-  
lute winner.

The pure vegetable  
oils in VITALIS supple-  
ment the natural scalp  
oils, root loose dentrif.  
ward falling hair and  
make your hair ALIVE  
and VIGOROUS.

The hair Dressing  
that is a Tonic

Patent of  
Reynolds-Perry Co. Inc. 1948

## SEX KNOWLEDGE

Are you married, or about to be? Then send for "Sex Education in Pictures," by David Gould of the Sydney University. He wrote these books without benefit of medical bias and in a form easily assimilated. His best book, now to Dept. H.A., Box 1420, S.P.O., Sydney.



THESE EXCELLENT INSTRUCTIONAL BOOKS ARE ALSO AVAILABLE.

"Sex Talk," by Dr. Wyndham Towns. 10/- post free.

"Married Love," by Mavis Rogers. 1/- post free.

"Indulging Females," by Mavis Rogers. 1/- post free.

"The Techniques of Sex," by Anthony Ham. 1/- post free.

"The Idealistic Bachelor," by Dr. Henshaw and Abraham Moore. 10/- post free.

### POST THIS COUPON IMMEDIATELY

Education Extension Office,  
Dept. H.A., Box 1420, S.P.O., Sydney.  
Please send me a copy of each book  
written by the attached author, post  
free. I enclose \$ / / .

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

RS4/0

the ways of the World. "What I did this afternoon I had to do. What I did tonight, I had to do, too. The rest of Lovelace's music is all that remains watching that snap. When it's aces they'll hit it, shoot it up some, and try to get Sharlow's money. That is, they will if they get the signal from Lovelace. I'm going to give 'em that signal."

"If you're right," blurted Sharlow, "why should we make attack?"

"Bear 'em out, Sharlow!" a man responded. "That bimbo he killed this afternoon! warned me. In this country a white don't spy on a white unless he wants to get shot at. I got a wife and kids in this country. You been shooting off your big mouth ever since the Star Muddy. That Lovelace never did look right to me. Skippy, hand it. What you got in mind, Goodnight?"

"I'm going to take Lovelace's horse and guitar and hat and ride over there. I want Vincent Sharlow to go with me. And I want the rest of you men to keep on your toes here in case something slips."

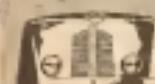
Sharlow's bluster returned. "I'll go with you. But it's an idiotic idea."

Fifteen minutes later the pair forded the creek and splashed up on the far side. Rolling暮 plain lay between them and the rim, and the obscured moon scarcely cast a shadow. Men Goodnight had never shown Nancy Sharlow, but he was somewhat nimbler on a guitar, himself. He rode with it slung under some his chest as had been Lovelace's habit. His fingers silently plucking the strings. He had left an alerted camp behind, with Val Lovelace under guard.

Though he felt responsible for Vincent Sharlow, his anger against the man was a cold thing. Sharlow had a lesson to learn, if he was to survive in this country.

They came in under the rising moonlight, riding its length, then back again, and as they travelled

## Nothing but SHELL MOTOR OIL



HILLMAN  
SINGLE SHELL  
MOTOR OIL SALE 18

HUMBER  
SINGLE SHELL  
MOTOR OIL SALE 20

SUNBEAM-TALBOT  
SINGLE SHELL  
MOTOR OIL SALE 20

COMMER  
SINGLE SHELL  
MOTOR OIL SALE 20

KARRIER  
SINGLE SHELL  
MOTOR OIL SALE 20

### THE ROOTES GROUP

RECOMMEND EXCLUSIVELY

## SHELL MOTOR OIL

FOR ALL THEIR VEHICLES

You, too, can be sure of SHELL MOTOR OIL

THE SHELL CO. OF AUST LTD. (Dr. G. Broad)

LO 814

# Glands Made Young —Vigour Renewed Without Operation

If you feel old before your time as suffer from nerve, brain and physical weakness, you will find new happiness and health in an American medical discovery which restores youthful vigour and vitality greater than gland operations. It is a simple home treatment in tablet form, discovered by an American Doctor. Absolutely harmless and easy to take, last the longest and most powerful invigorant known to science. It acts directly on your glands, nerves, and vital organs, builds new, pure blood, and works so fast that you can see and feel new body power and vigour in 24 to 48 hours. Because of its natural action on glands, and nerves, your brain power, memory and strength often improve amazingly.

And this amazing new gland and vigour restorer, called Vi-Stim, is guaranteed. It has been tested and proved by thousands in America, and is now available at all chemists here. Get Vi-Stim from your chemist today. Put it in the tea, See the big improvement in 24 hours. Take the full bottle, which lasts eight days, under the positive guarantee that it must make you full of vim, energy and vitality, and feel 10 to 20 years younger or money back on return of empty package. A special double-thickness bottle of 30 Vi-Stim tablets costs little, and the guarantee protects you.

**Vi-Stim**

GUARANTEED  
to Restore  
Mental and  
Physical Vitality

Moore plucked out the two Lovelaces had been playing that afternoon. He knew that they had been seen and he hoped they would think he was Lovelace.

They rode back to their starting point at the base of the rim, and Moore saw that Herliss had stuck down in the saddle. It gave him great amusement. He wheeled his horse as riders came through the darkness, where a long dirtier slope led down from a small break in the rim. He dropped the guitar to the ground, whispered, "Ready?" and pulled his gun.

He let them reach the flat, a hundred yards to the left, where they drew into more distinct shapes. When a soft voice called, "That you, Val?" he lifted his gun, and fired.

Somebody cried, "Well, it's a trap" and followed it with an explosive curse of frustration. Moore's first shot lifted a man out of saddle, and the riderless horse cast across the open. There were three more shapes, and more than Moore had figured on. Lead was whirling around them suddenly, gunpowder exploding in the darkness. He emptied another saddle in the next second in which Lovelace's hot lead hit him.

He saw to his surprise that Harlow had cooled into the fight and was shooting, though probably with little effect.

The two remaining riders charged them then, guns blazing a patchwork of red streaks in the night. Moore's own feeling was one of surprise rather than pain, when he left the saddle, leading shoulder first in the dirt as horses passed over him. Many a horse spill had taught him the trick of landing firmly, and he scrambled immediately to his feet. Harlow was standing in the stirrups now, an open target, but shooting like mad. A rider threw up his arms and pitched from his horse. Moore packed off the other.

All but one of them were dead, and that one was badly hit. Even under Moore's threatening gun this last one waited that the last blow the size of the wild bronch. Daring and boldless, he whistled in Herliss's hearing that Val Lovelace had been their leader. They brought the man back to camp to spread beside the still unconscious Lovelace.

In the freight, Moore saw for the first time that blood was running down the side of Vincent Harlow's head. His own left shoulder was paralysed, and there was work for the skilled fingers of one of the women.

Yet mutual attention seemed to be the farthest thing from Harlow's thoughts. He let a thoughtful gaze travel around the group of watchers and finally settle on Moore Goodright.

"I played the fool," he said finally. Moore liked a man who could admit that. "The funny thing is I'm not nearly the biggest boy I like to make out. A show-off. Probably some of you others have more with you to shoot in outlaw men than I have. And it seems that Val Lovelace played the fool, too. I apologize to you people. I endangered you without realizing it. I hope you can forgive me."

Moore then turned than toward the woman who was waiting with a pan of hot water and bandages. It was Nancy Herliss, and her face was grave. He stripped off his shirt and gritted his teeth while she did the chores. It was an expert job. When it was finished, she looked up at him.

"Moore, he's not the only one. I'm terribly ashamed. I hope you'll take this train on through, and not think too hard of us."

He grunted at her. "Nancy, I don't plan to go no more thinking about it. I've got some music to make to you on Lovelace's guitar, if it didn't get smashed up. I've got some real talking to do, and that's the way to do it."

TAA 'pressurised'

**hair**

HELD SECURELY AND COMFORTABLY

WITH the new Scientific Braided Rayon Applicator we can now apply rayon overwrapings to your greater nose, earlobes and temples. It is the easiest, easiest, easiest, IT WON'T COST YOU A PENNY.

The RAYON is light, inexpensive and comfortable. There are no hard parts to grate painfully into the flesh. No cold, pinching springs. No metal clip to pull or scratch. No breaking or pulling, and is adjustable in a few seconds.

**14 DAYS TRIAL**

Call or write collect, name and address with D.R. stamp and we will post you a special trial service card, full details of the Scientific Rayon Applicator, Bell-Macmillan, Inc., 1000 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY. Address, The Rayon Applicator Co. (Dept. 201, 8 Martin Place, Sydney).

**POST NOW!**

The Rayon Applicator Co.,  
Dept. 201, 8 Martin Place, Sydney.  
Send details, full measurement form  
and 14 DAYS TRIAL OFFER. I  
enclose D.R. stamp.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

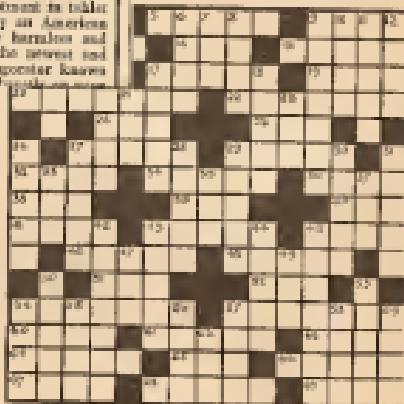
STATE \_\_\_\_\_

# Glands Made Young —Vigour Renewed Without Operation



your reading time an hour, you'll be cured.

## WORD



### DOWN

- |                |                |                |                |                |                |                |                |                |                |                |                |
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| 1. Export      | 2. Strike      | 3. Foreign     | 4. Chair       | 5. Border      | 6. Run         | 7. Show        | 8. Deputy      | 9. Assembly    | 10. Arrest     | 11. Arrest     | 12. Arrest     |
| 13. Confection | 14. Litter     | 15. Printed    | 16. Printed    | 17. Printed    | 18. Printed    | 19. Printed    | 20. Printed    | 21. Printed    | 22. Printed    | 23. Printed    | 24. Printed    |
| 25. Show?      | 26. Show?      | 27. Show?      | 28. Show?      | 29. Show?      | 30. Show?      | 31. Show?      | 32. Show?      | 33. Show?      | 34. Show?      | 35. Show?      | 36. Show?      |
| 37. Impression | 38. Impression | 39. Impression | 40. Impression | 41. Impression | 42. Impression | 43. Impression | 44. Impression | 45. Impression | 46. Impression | 47. Impression | 48. Impression |

- |                |                |                |                |                |                |                |                |                |                |                |                |
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| 1. Export      | 2. Strike      | 3. Foreign     | 4. Chair       | 5. Border      | 6. Run         | 7. Show        | 8. Deputy      | 9. Assembly    | 10. Arrest     | 11. Arrest     | 12. Arrest     |
| 13. Confection | 14. Litter     | 15. Printed    | 16. Printed    | 17. Printed    | 18. Printed    | 19. Printed    | 20. Printed    | 21. Printed    | 22. Printed    | 23. Printed    | 24. Printed    |
| 25. Show?      | 26. Show?      | 27. Show?      | 28. Show?      | 29. Show?      | 30. Show?      | 31. Show?      | 32. Show?      | 33. Show?      | 34. Show?      | 35. Show?      | 36. Show?      |
| 37. Impression | 38. Impression | 39. Impression | 40. Impression | 41. Impression | 42. Impression | 43. Impression | 44. Impression | 45. Impression | 46. Impression | 47. Impression | 48. Impression |

Goodbye to altitude discomfort

when you fly in the TAA 'pressurised'

# Convair Liner

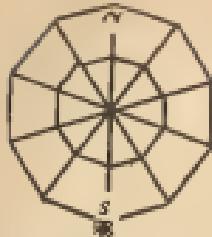
SAFETY LINER COMFORT AT NORMAL FLYING ALTITUDE

The air pressure in the cabin of your new TAA Convair-Liner is automatically controlled to give you ground-level conditions at normal flying altitudes. And this is just one of the many features of the Convair-Liner, the new 48-passenger, upper luxury aircraft brought to you, and flown exclusively in Australia, by your airline . . . TAA. The most modern aircraft, the finest service, and the lowest fares . . . that's why more people every day

*“Fly TAA—the friendly way”*

YOUR AIRLINE — AUSTRALIA'S FINEST

## SPIDER'S WEB



**B**Y how many routes can the spider go across the web, from S to S along the lines shown, without at any stage moving back directly toward S?

## CROSSWORD



THE



END

## OUT OF THE WOODS

**A** MAN has a dog that in one day will walk half of his house in a woods 20 feet deep. Every time the man does his run the dog runs half way into the woods. If the distance from the edge of the woods is one-fourth of the depth of the woods, how far is the dog from the house after the man first ran that and the dog stops running?

## SPEED HOG

**A** MAN drives from New York to Philadelphia, a distance of 80 miles. For the first 40 miles he travels at the average rate of 30 mph. How fast must he travel over the remaining 40 miles in order to average 60 mph for the entire trip?

## SOLUTIONS

### SPIDER'S WEB

At least one hundred and forty-one routes.

### OUT OF THE WOODS

Fifty feet. Half way into the woods is 20 feet so all the way in is 30 feet—any further "out" would be off the web yet!

### SPEED HOG

Impossible! At an average speed of 30 mph, the entire trip would take him 1½ hours and it has taken him that time to travel only half the distance.

ONLY

# Skrip

THE WORLD'S FINEST WRITING FLUID

COMES IN THE CONVENIENT

# TOP WELL

BOTTLE



*Successor to Ink!*

The Well looks just  
like its the Top—  
minus pen-killing dry.

The Well looks from  
beginning—lives  
long—Uses the last  
drop!

Permanently liquid  
for all business records  
—permanent on the  
paper!

Wettable Skrip is  
ideal for school and  
home—wets out of  
all writing papers!



Write Wettable for U.S.A.  
James A. Morris, Ltd.  
22-24 Chancery Street,  
London, E.C. 4.

Write Distributor for U.S.A.  
John C. Proctor  
400 Madison Street,  
Atlanta.



Write Distributor for U.K.  
John C. Proctor  
400 Madison Street,  
Atlanta.

Write Distributor for W.A.  
R. G. Lister & Co.  
101-105 Murray Street,  
Perth.



Write Distributor for Can.  
John C. Proctor  
101-105 Murray Street,  
Perth.



Write Distributor for Aus.  
John C. Proctor  
101-105 Murray Street,  
Perth.

6 YFSV

# MONTROSA

*Wines  
of  
Quality*



Thus to types which have long been traditional, Montrosa still and sparkling wines are comparable in quality with the best imported. Montrosa Wines are representatives of Australia's finest vintages.

Montrosa Vermouth, both Sweet and Dry, is made with fortified Australian Wine, properly aged and seasoned with herbs.

They are perfect choices . . . delicious appetizers.

**SWIFT and HORNDALE PTY. LIMITED**

16 CLARENCE STREET . . . SYDNEY